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CHURCH POETRY:

BEING PORTIONS OF THE PSALMS IN VERSE,
AND HYMNS SUITED TO THE FESTIVALS
AND FASTS, AND VARIOUS OCCASIONS OF
THE CHURCH.

Selected and Altered from various Authors.

BY WM. AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG,

ASSOCIATE RECTOR OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, LANCASTER.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1823.

a. m. h. i.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

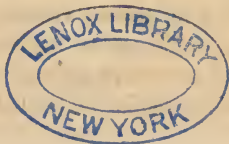
BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twelfth day of April, in the forty-seventh year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1823, the Reverend WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

“ Church Poetry: being portions of the Psalms in Verse, and Hymns suited to the Festivals and Fasts, and various occasions of the Church. Selected and altered from various Authors. By Wm. Augustus Muhlenberg, Associate Rector of St. James’s Church, Lancaster.”

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled “ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.”—And also to the act, entitled, “ An act supplementary to an act, entitled, “ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



IT is generally admitted, that the psalmody of the Episcopal Church needs improvement. No material alteration has been effected, since the late excellent Bishop of London remarked, “of all the services of our Church, none appears to me to have sunk to so low an ebb, or so evidently to need reform, as our parochial psalmody.” The many versions of psalms and compilations of hymns that have lately appeared in England, some of them under the sanction of dignitaries of the Church, prove the existence of a very general wish for reformation, in this delightful and important part of divine service. To show that such reformation is practicable, is the design of the present publication.

The first part of the work contains versions of all such portions of the psalms as are likely to be used in public worship—most of which will be found, as far as metre and rhyme allow, faithful translations of the sacred text. A poetical version necessarily deviates, more or less, from a literal translation. While the versifier, on the one hand, may endeavour to adhere closely to the inspired author, he finds himself, on the other hand, obliged to paraphrase or curtail, expand or abbreviate, in order to produce smooth and agreeable verse. The

old version of the kirk of Scotland, is an instance where the poet (if a poet he was) has yielded all his claims to a literal rendering of the psalm; while, in the work of Mr. Merrick, the author has allowed such free range to his poetical powers, that sometimes we discover but faint traces of the inspired text. Most of the following portions have been selected as a medium, uniting good poetry with an adherence to the original. Others are paraphrases—for, when a paraphrase was found to express the spirit of the psalm, or accommodate it to the purposes of public devotion, better than a more literal translation, it was preferred. It will be remarked, that the verses in each portion remain in their original order, except in very few instances. When the psalms are disjointed, and unconnected verses brought together, as is frequently done, certainly what is thus produced, cannot, with propriety, be called the Psalms of David.

Some of the sublimest portions of the Psalter cannot be converted into our Church metres with any success. For instance, a poetical translation of the 68th psalm should be an irregular ode—any of the ordinary metres would cramp to destruction its bold and varied strains. Where, too, shall we find satisfactory metre versions of the former part of the 18th, 22nd, 78th, 104th, &c.?—The only way in which these, and similar psalms can be em-

ployed in public worship, without destroying their force and beauty, is to chant them as they stand in the prose translation.

The selection has been made from the works of Tate and Brady, Merrick, Watts, Mrs. Steele, Montgomery, Goode, B. Wood, and many others—with all of whom great liberty has been taken in the way of alteration. Their compositions have in so many instances been modified, and the verses of one blended with those of another, in the same psalm, that their names have not been affixed to the portions. Occasionally to supply a line or verse, and rarely a psalm or hymn, an attempt has been made at original composition; but only when necessity required.

With respect to the hymns, pains have been taken to adapt them to the various subjects and occasions for which they are needed. They have been selected from a large number of authors, with whose works the same freedom has been used, as in compiling the psalms. With the hope of improvement, they have been freely altered—in doing which, great assistance was derived from a “Selection of Psalms and Hymns,” published under the patronage of the Archbishop of York, in which many old compositions appear in a new and improved dress. It is hoped that the object constantly in view in making the compilation, has, in a good degree, been attained—viz. the union of *good poetry* and *evangelical sentiment*.

The metres are those to which tunes may be found in almost any modern collection of sacred music.

The question may occur, why was not this publication postponed until the appearance of the work said to be in contemplation by the English poets? But, it does not appear that such a work is seriously projected—and, if it were, it is questionable whether it would really be an addition to our devotional poetry. Southey, Scott, and Moore, might produce elegant verses; but, it is doubtful whether they would write many lines of the sort of poetry needed in our congregations. It is to be feared that their harps have not been tuned to the Songs of Zion.

I conclude, with repeating that the object of this book is to show the possibility of bettering our Psalmody. It is published as an humble argument for improvement, in a subject materially connected with the growth of piety, and our worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

W. A. M.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. (C. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where the ungodly meet;
Who fears to walk in wicked ways,
And dreads the scorner's seat.
- 2 The word of God is his delight;
There all his thoughts abide;
His solace through the glooms of night,
By day his constant guide.
- 3 As some fair tree, whose roots are spread
Where living streams abound,
Lifts up on high its verdant head,
With fruitful clusters crown'd;
- 4 So shall the trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord,
Fed by continual streams of grace,
Their timely fruit afford.
- 5 But sinners—they are driven away,
Like chaff before the wind;
They stand not in the judgment day,
Nor slighted mercy find.
- 6 With favour God his saints discerns,
And crowns with endless days;
But sinners to destruction turns—
They perish in their ways.

- I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet communing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my steadfast hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PART II. 6—8.

(L. M.)

- 1 While many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord, lift on us thy saving light;
We seek no other guide than this.
- 2 Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.
- 3 In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord, shall stay my head;
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His mid-night watch around my bed.

PSALM V. 1—8.

(C. M.)

- 1 Ponder my words, O Lord, give ear;
My meditations weigh;
O hear my voice, my God, my king,
For unto thee I pray.

- 2 At day's first dawning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high:
 To thee my early vows I'll pay;
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But as for me, with holy fear,
 Encourag'd by thy grace,
 Thy holy temple I'll approach,
 And bow before thy face.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness!
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

PSALM VI.

(C. M.)

The first penitential psalm. An abridged paraphrase.

- 1 In tender mercy, not in wrath,
 Rebuke me, gracious God!
 Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
 I sink beneath thy rod.
- 2 Touched by thy Spirit's quick'ning power,
 My load of guilt I feel;
 The wounds thy Spirit hath unclos'd,
 Oh let that Spirit heal.
- 3 Oppress'd with Satan's galling yoke,
 Must I for ever mourn?
 And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
 In pitying love return?
- 4 O come with speed, ere life expire;
 Send down thy power to save;

For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

- 5 Why should my soul distrust thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promis'd word,
And grant me all my prayer.

PSALM VIII. (L. M.)

Appointed by the church for Ascension day, as having a reference to Messiah, who for "a little while" was made lower than the angels, and then crowned with glory and honour, having all things in subjection under his feet. See Heb. ii. 5.

- 1 O Lord, how exc'cellent is thy name,
Throughout the earth's extended frame!
Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends;
Thy glory highest heaven transcends.
- 2 From infants thou canst strength upraise,
And teach their lisping tongues to praise,
That, struck with awe, the impious band
In mute astonishment may stand.
- 3 When all thy shining works on high
I meditate with raptur'd eye,
The silver moon, the starry train
That gild the fair ethereal plain:
- 4 Lord, what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share?
Or what the Son of man, that thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
- 5 His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' angelic tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
- 6 Subjected to his feet by thee,
To him all nature bows the knee;

- The beasts in him their Lord behold,
The grazing herd, the bleating fold;
- 7 The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky;
And all the wat'ry tribes that glide,
Through paths to human sight denied.
- 8 O Lord, how exc'cellent is thy name
Throughout the earth's extended frame!
Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Thy glory highest heaven transcends.

PSALM IX. 7—11. (C. M.)

- 1 The Lord forever shall endure;
He hath his throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.
- 2 He is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage:
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.
- 3 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide,
Whose goodness ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.
- 4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Zion his abode;
Proclaim his deeds till all the world
Confess no other God.

PSALM XI. 4—7. (C. M.)

- 1 The Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

- 2 He proves the righteous, marks their path;
 In him the weak are strong;
 But violence provokes his wrath;
 The Lord abhorreth wrong.
- 3 God on the wicked will rain down
 Brimstone and fire and snares;
 The gloom and tempest of his frown;
 —This portion shall be theirs.
- 4 The righteous Lord will take delight
 Alone in righteousness;
 The just are pleasing in his sight,
 The humble he will bless.

PSALM XIII.

(C. M.)

- 1 How long wilt thou, O God of grace,
 Forget thy wonted love?
 How long conceal thy shining face,
 Nor bid the cloud remove?
- 2 How long shall my dejected soul,
 Thus pond'ring o'er her woes,
 In vain endeavour to conceal
 The power of inward foes?
- 3 Lord, hear my prayer and heal my woes:
 Arise with cheering light,
 Or soon these failing eyes will close
 In everlasting night.
- 4 The powers of darkness will rejoice
 To see my life decay,
 And triumph with insulting voice,
 Around their trembling prey.
- 5 But, Lord, thy mercy hitherto
 Has been, my only trust;
 Let mercy now my joys renew,
 And raise me from the dust.

- 5 Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim
 The bounties of my God;
 My songs with grateful rapture flame,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

PSALM XIV. 1—3, 7. (L. M.)

- 1 There is no God, the wicked say,
 And thus would send their fears away:
 Hence their profane discourse proceeds;
 Hence their corrupt and impious deeds.
- 2 The Lord look'd down with searching eye,
 From where he keeps his throne on high,
 Inquiring on this world's abode,
 Who understand and seek their God:
- 3 Alas, he saw them all astray,
 Each walking his corrupted way;
 All to the paths of sin are gone,
 And none is righteous; no, not one.
- 4 Lord, bring redemption from the skies!
 From Zion bid salvation rise!
 Then shall thy ransom'd Jacob sing,
 And Israel all his praises bring.

PSALM XV. (C. M.)

Appointed by the church for Ascension day, as exhibiting the character of him who ascended, and of all who shall ascend to the heavenly Zion.

- 1 Who shall inhabit on thy hill,
 O God of Holiness?
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
 So near his throne of grace?
- 2 The man who walks in upright ways,
 And works with righteous hands;

- Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Delights not in a false report,
Nor does his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
He still performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor;
This man on Zion's hill shall stand,
There dwell for evermore.

PSALM XVI. 8--11.

(C. M.)

St. Peter and St. Paul apply these verses to the resurrection of Christ.

- 1 I strive each action to approve
To God's all seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
- 2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise
Wak'd by his powerful voice.
- 3 Thou Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free,
Nor let thy holy one in death
The least corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to thy presence lead,

Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII. 14, 15.

(L. M.)

- 1 The pleasures of this world below
Are all the bliss that sinners know;
'Tis all they seek, they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 2 But what they value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there!
- 4 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
'The sacred pleasures of the soul.

PSALM XVIII. 6--15.

- 1 In deep distress I rais'd my voice on high:
From heav'n he bow'd to hear the humble cry;
Then dread convulsions shook the solid ground;
Wav'd the tall woods, and quak'd the hills
around;
Forth rush'd a smoky tempest through the skies,
And round all ether flames began to rise.
- 2 To earth he came; the heavens before him bow'd;
Beneath his feet deep midnight stretch'd her
shroud;
Cherubic hosts his sunbright chariot form;
His wings the whirlwind, and his path the storm;

- Around his car thick clouds their curtains spread,
And wrapt the concave in a boundless shade.
- 3 Before his path o'erwhelming splendors came;
The clouds dissolv'd; all nature felt the flame;
From his dark throne a voice in thunder broke;
The wide world trembled as th' Eternal spoke:
His foes to vanquish angry blasts conspire,
Showers of dread hail, and coals of burning fire.
- 4 Through the vast void his arrows wing'd their
way;
His lightnings blaz'd insufferable day;
Oppress'd, o'erthrown, or scatter'd on the plain
Fled his pale foes, or strew'd the fields with
slain:
Th' affrighted floods their secret channels show'd,
And earth's disclos'd foundations own'd her
God.

PSALM XIX.

PART I. 1—6.

(D. L. M.)

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine."

PART II. 7—11. (C. M.)

- 1 God's perfect law converts the soul;
Reclaims from false desires:
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight:
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scale
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill;
Sweeter than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by these precepts live,

PART III. 12—14.

(III. 1.)

- 1 Blest instructor! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth my mind;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 2 Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise:
Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 Let my tongue, from falsehood free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee:
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 4 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

PSALM XXI. 1—6.

(L. M.)

Appointed for Ascension day, as celebrating the glory and victory of Messiah: accordingly it is so applied in the following paraphrase.

- 1 The king shall in thy strength rejoice,
O Lord of Hosts, with grateful voice:
Salvation's glorious work is done;
Let heav'n and earth the triumph own!
- 2 His heart's desire (divine request),
Man to redeem, by sin oppress;
Blessings of goodness hence are spread,
And purest gold adorns his head.
- 3 He asked life and life was given,
Eternal as the days of heaven;
His glories in salvation shine,
Honour and majesty divine.

- 4 Ye saints, ye angels, hov'ring round,
Behold the great Messiah crown'd!
Enter'd within the promis'd rest,
Accepted, and forever blest.

PSALM XXIII. (C. M.)

- 1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of surrounding foes
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIII. Second version. (IV. 2.)

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:

- He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when
opprest.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though
I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasur'd my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above:
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy king-
dom of love.

PSALM XXIV.

(C. M.)

*Appointed by the Church for Ascension day: being a prophecy of
the event then celebrated.*

- 1 Of earth, and all that dwell therein,
Jehovah is the Lord,
Form'd on the seas and swelling floods;
Created by his word.
- 2 Who shall ascend on high, and dwell
Upon the hill of God?
Who shall at last admittance gain
Within that blest abode?
- 3 The man whose heart and hands are pure,
Who hateth vanity;
Who from his soul abhors deceit,
And upright walks with thee.

- 4 This is the generation, Lord,
Of such as seek thy face;
Blessings divine they shall receive,
Glory and righteousness.
- 5 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Ye realms of light make room;
Ye everlasting doors behold
The King of Glory come!
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The mighty chief renown'd;
Mighty in battle, glorious Lord!
He comes with triumph crown'd.
- 7 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold the heavenly scene;
The King of Glory comes—receive
The King of Glory in!
- 8 Who is this King of Glory, who?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
All hail! Messiah is his name,
The King of Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV. 6—10.

(S. M.)

- 1 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind,
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 3 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

- 4 He those in justice guides
 Who his direction seek;
 And in his sacred paths shall lead
 The humble and the meek.
- 5 Through all the ways of God
 Both truth and mercy shine,
 To such as with religious hearts
 To his blest will incline.

PSALM XXVI.

(C. M.)

- 1 Judge me, O Lord; my trust art thou;
 Examine, prove my heart;
 Try thou my reins, that I from thee
 May never more depart.
- 2 Thy loving kindness and thy truth
 I set before my eyes;
 Hence ye deceitful, who delight
 In vanity and lies.
- 3 My hands I'll wash in innocence,
 By thine almighty grace,
 Then haste to pay thee all my vows,
 And offer up my praise.
- 4 Thy temple, Lord, will I frequent,
 Where all thy saints repair:
 My soul exults with sacred joy,
 To tell thy wonders there.
- 5 O how I love thy sacred courts,
 Where prayer and praise arise!
 There, where thy honour dwells, I find
 My foretaste of the skies.
- 6 Lord with the just appoint my lot,
 To walk thy holy ways,
 Till with thy saints, enthron'd on high,
 I chaunt eternal praise.

PSALM XXVII.

PART I. 4—6. (L. M.)

- 1 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form:
That in thy presence I may stand,
And share the blessings of thy hand.
- 2 One gift I ask; that to my end,
Fair Zion's dome I may attend;
There, joyful, find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God.
- 3 For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign,
And, while the storms around me beat,
Fix on the rock my steadfast feet.
- 4 Then shall my head exalted rise
Above surrounding enemies;
While, with my warmest love bestow'd,
My off'rings shall his altar load.

PART II. 7—11. (L. M.)

- 1 Thou sacred spring of all my joys,
Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,
O let thy plenteous mercy hear,
And answer all my humble pray'r.
- 2 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy smiling face,
My heart replied to thy kind word:
"Thee will I seek, all gracious Lord."
- 3 Hide not from me thy blissful ray,
Nor angry frown my hopes away;
Thy saving help has still been near;
God of my life, renew thy care!
- 4 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart,

Yet thou, on whom my hopes depend,
Wilt be my Father and my Friend.

- 5 While enemies and fears alarm,
Extend, O Lord, thy guardian arm;
Uphold me in thy sacred way,
And from thee let me never stray.

PSALM XXIX. (III. 1.)

- 1 Sing ye sons of might! O sing
Praise to heaven's eternal king!
Raise to him some new-taught song:
To his praise the note prolong.
- 2 Power and strength to him assign:
Bow before his hallow'd shrine;
Yield the homage that his name
From our hearts and lips may claim.
- 3 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks:
Hush'd to silence while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.
- 4 See the loftiest trees o'erthrown,
Cedars of proud Lebanon;
Mountains rooted from their seat,
At the dreaded sounds retreat.
- 5 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play:
Now the wilds, by man untrod,
Tremble at th' approaching God.
- 6 O'er the desolated waste
Oft the dreaded sounds have past;
Oft the fiery bolt invades
Lebanon's profoundest shades.
- 7 Prostrate, on the sacred floor,
Israel's sons his name adore;

While his acts to every tongue
Yield its argument of song.

- 8 God the swelling surge commands;
Firm his throne forever stands—
God his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

PSALM XXX.

PART I. 3—5.

(C. M.)

- 1 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God, in grateful songs;
And let the mem'ry of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 2 His mercy chas'd the shades of death,
And snatch'd me from the grave:
His praise shall now employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.
- 3 His frown what mortal can sustain?
But soon his anger dies;
His life-restoring smile again
Returns, and sorrow flies.
- 4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning spreads,
And joy revives the heart.

PART II. 10—12.

(C. M.)

- 1 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,
Attend my plaintive cry;
Be thou my gracious helper near,
And bid my sorrows fly.
- 2 Again I hear thy voice divine,
New joys exulting bound;
My robes of mourning I resign,
And gladness girds me round.

- 3 Then let my utmost glory be
 To raise thy honours high;
 Nor let my gratitude to thee
 In guilty silence die.
- 4 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
 My thankful heart and tongue;
 O be thy goodness and thy praise
 My everlasting song.

PSALM XXXI. 19—23. (L. M.)

- 1 O how shall all who seek thy love
 The fulness of thy bounty prove!
 And teach th' admiring world to see
 How blest the souls that trust in thee.
- 2 Thy gracious hand shall near thee hide
 These happy children of thy care;
 In thy pavilion they abide,
 Nor pride nor slander reach them there.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, forever blest,
 Whose mercy bids my fears remove;
 The sacred walls which guard my rest
 Are his almighty power and love.
- 4 "Now I am banish'd from thine eye,"
 I once lamented in despair;
 But thou my God didst hear my cry,
 And gracious answer'd all my pray'r.
- 5 While on the proud his hand bestows
 A dreadful and a just reward;
 Ye saints to whom his mercy flows,
 O love, forever, love the Lord.

PSALM XXXII. 1—7. (L. M.)

The second penitential psalm: for Ash Wednesday.

- 1 Blest is the man, supremely blest,
 Whose sins are pardon'd by his God;

- All whose transgressions are forgiv'n,
And cover'd with atoning blood.
- 2 To whom the Lord no sin imputes,
Whose heart is free from guile within,
Whose works attest his faith sincere;
True evidence of pardon'd sin.
- 3 By day and night, with guilt cast down,
In deep despondency opprest;
My failing strength with grief consum'd,
My tortur'd conscience knew no rest.
- 4 I said "I will confess my sins;
Before the Lord my guilt I'll own:"
Swift as the word could reach his ear
He sent his pardoning mercy down.
- 5 This act of thy unbounded grace,
Memorial of thy saving power,
Shall teach thy saints to call on thee,
Thou refuge in affliction's hour.
- 6 When billows swell, when tempests rage,
When the great water floods prevail;
Thy children still preserv'd by thee
Shall never find thy mercy fail.
- 7 My hiding place secure in thee,
No terrors shall my soul annoy;
Songs of deliverance thou shalt raise,
Encompassing my soul with joy.

PSALM XXXIII. 1—9. (C. M.)

- 1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
Your songs triumphant raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To celebrate his praise.
- 2 With sweetest melody of song
Jehovah's praise proclaim;

- Let music all her pow'rs combine,
 Jehovah's praise the theme.
- 3 For faithful is Jehovah's word;
 His works with truth abound;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 By his almighty word at first
 The heavenly arch was rear'd;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appear'd.
- 5 Wide oceans rise at his command;
 At his command subside;
 In the great deep their bounds he lays,
 And curbs their swelling tide.
- 6 Then fear the Lord, O stand in awe;
 Praise him while ages last:
 He spake—the world in order rose;
 He spake—and it stood fast.
- 7 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 Your songs triumphant raise,
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To celebrate his praise.

PSALM XXXIV.

PART I. 1—3. (C. M.)

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all who are distrest,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

PART II. 7—10. (C. M.)

- 1 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.
- 2 O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 3 Fear him ye saints, and you shall then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.
- 4 Though hungry lions want their prey,
 The Lord will food provide
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their need supplied,

PSALM XXXVI.

PART I. 5—8. (L. M.)

- 1 O Lord, thy mercy my sure hope
 Above the heavenly orb ascends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is thy care.

- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 'To banquet on thy love's repast,
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall forever last.

PART II. 9, 10. (III. 1.)

- 1 *Fount of Life!* alone in thee
 Life's perpetual fountain dwells;
 In thy light we light shall see,
 Light that every shade dispels.
- 2 O'er the men that know thy name
 Let thy loving kindness flow;
 Own thy people's humble claim,
 And thy righteousness bestow.

PSALM XXXVII. 34—37. (C. M.)

- 1 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
 Nor fear when tyrants frown,
 Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
 When justice casts them down.
- 2 The haughty sinner I have seen
 Not fearing man nor God,
 Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- 3 But lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
 Destroy'd by hands unseen;
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
 Where all that pride had been.
- 4 But mark the man of righteousness,
 His several steps attend;

True pleasure runs through all his way
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXIX.

PART I. 4—8. (S. M.)

- 1 Lord let me know my end,
My days how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.
- 2 My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with thee;
Man, in his highest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.
- 3 A shadow, e'en in health,
Disquieted with pride;
Or rack'd with care he heaps up wealth,
Which unknown heirs divide.
- 4 What seek I now, O Lord?
My hope is in thy name;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

PART II. 11—13. (S. M.)

- 1 At thy rebuke the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.
- 2 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.
- 3 A stranger, Lord, with thee
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

- 4 O spare me yet, I pray;
 A while my strength restore,
 Ere I am summon'd hence away,
 And seen on earth no more.

PSALM XL. 6—9. (C. M.)

Appointed by the church for Good Friday.

- 1 Thus saith the Lord; "your work is vain,
 Give your burnt offerings o'er,
 In bleeding lambs and bullocks slain
 My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake Messiah; "lo I come
 My God to do thy will;
 Whate'er thy oracles declare
 Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 Thy law is ever in my sight,
 I keep it near my heart;
 Mine ears are open'd with delight
 To what thy lips impart.
- 4 With faithful lips I will proclaim
 Thy truth and righteousness;
 Before the world my constant theme
 Shall be thy saving grace."
- 5 (Behold the blest Redeemer comes;
 The eternal Son appears,
 And at the appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.
- 6 No blood of beasts on altars shed
 Could wash the conscience clean,
 But the rich sacrifice he paid
 Atones for all our sin.)

PSALM XLI. 1—3. (L. M.)

- 1 The man whose heart with pity glows,
 Who instant feels another's woes;

- Turns to the poor a listening ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear;
- 2 Who to th' afflicted gives relief,
And kindly soothes each anxious grief;
In every want, in every wo,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.
- 3 Thou shalt prolong and guard his days,
And shed thy blessings on his ways;
Nor leave him in the evil hour,
A prey to man's relentless power.
- 4 When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit shalt sustain;
Thine arm shall raise his sinking head,
And make, in sickness, all his bed.

PSALM XLII.

Paraphrase.

PART I. 1—5.

(II. 3.)

- 1 As panting in the sultry beam,
The heart desires the cooling stream;
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my wo and mock my fear:
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,

What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

- 4 Ah! why by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day—
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

PART II. 6—11. (II. 3.)

- 1 O God, my heart within me faints,
And pours in sighs her deep complaints!
Yet many a thought shall linger still
By Carmel's height and Zion's hill,
The Olive Mount my Saviour trod,
The rocks that saw and own'd their God.
- 2 The morning beam that wakes the skies,
Shall see my early incense rise;
The evening seraphs as they rove
Shall catch the notes of joy and love;
And midnight angels round my bed
Shall hear the grateful off'rings paid.
- 3 My soul shall cry to thee, O Lord,
To thee supreme, incarnate Word,
My Rock and Fortress, Shield and Friend,
Creator, Saviour, Source and End;
And thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,
Though death and darkness speak despair.
- 4 Ah why by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain:
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day—
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

PSALM XLIII. 3—5. (L. M.)

- 1 Let me with light and truth be blest;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
'Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise,
To God, who is my only joy;
To God, my God, glad songs of praise
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then, my soul, oppress'd with woes?
Why thus cast down with anxious care?
On God, thy God, full trust repose,
Who will thy failing strength repair.

PSALM XLV. 1—8. (L. M.)

*Appointed by the church for Christmas-day, as celebrating the
glory of the Messiah.*

- 1 My heart its noblest theme hath found:
O thou with royal splendor crown'd,
Messiah, taught thy power to know
How shall my mouth with praise o'erflow!
- 2 To thee the grateful strains belong;
Thy worth shall bid my willing tongue,
Quick as the pen of readiest art,
The dictates of my soul impart.
- 3 Hail! fairer than the sons of men;
Grace, on thy lips, and beauty reign,
That speak thee honor'd from above,
And blest with God's eternal love.
- 4 Hail! thou whom nations own their Lord,
Gird on thy thigh thy conqu'ring sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

- 5 Ride on and conquer, mighty Lord,
Direct the arrows of thy word;
Subdue thy foes, thy conquests spread,
Triumphs of mercy crown thy head.
- 6 Thy throne, O God, shall ever last,
Ages to come from ages past:
Thy righteous sceptre shall maintain,
The endless glories of thy reign.
- 7 Celestial grace thy power attends,
On thee the oil of joy descends;
The odors of thy vestments rise
And fill the palace of the skies.
- 8 Thou lovest truth, thou Holy One;
Grace, mercy, peace, adorn thy throne;
O God, thy God, to thee hath given,
The plentitude of joy in heaven.

PSALM XLVI. 1—5.

(L. M.)

- 1 God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence
What foe shall make our soul afraid?
- 2 Yea though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains.
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
- 4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand—
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

PSALM XLVII.

(III. 1.)

Appointed by the Church for Ascension day.

- 1 Clap your hands with sacred joy;
Songs of triumph all employ;
For Jehovah reigns on high,
Clad in dreadful majesty.
- 2 He the world for us subdues,
Puts beneath us all our foes:
Jacob's pride and exc'ellency
Our inheritance shall be.
- 3 God ascends—with trumpets' sound;
God ascends—the heavens resound:
Praise, O praise th' exalted king,
Praises, louder praises sing.
- 4 Now Messiah rules the earth;
Still prolong the sacred mirth;
He in heaven his throne maintains,
Ever and forever reigns.

PSALM XLVIII. 9--14.

(IV. 3.)

Appointed for Whit-Sunday, as describing the glory and stability of the church.

- 1 In the midst of thy temple, O God, hath our
mind
Remember'd thy mercy of old;
Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be
confin'd;
Thy power may all nations behold.
- 2 Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice,
For thou wilt establish her seat from above,
And make her the throne of thy choice.
- 3 Go walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;

Contemplate her palaces glorious in strength,
Her towers and pinnacles tell.

4 Then say to your children: our strong hold is
tried;

This God is our God to the end;
His people forever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall forever defend.

PSALM L.

PART I, 1—6.

(C. M.)

1 The mighty God, Jehovah speaks,
To earth's remotest ends;
From where the eastern hills are seen,
To where the sun descends.

2 From Zion where the perfect sum
Of beauty dwells enshrin'd,
From his own everlasting hill,
God hath in glory shin'd.

3 Our God at length shall surely come,
Not silent more shall be;
Devouring flames, tempestuous storms,
Attend his majesty.

4 He to the circling heavens around,
And to the earth shall call,
That he his judgments may display
Before the people all.

5 "Now unto me, my faithful saints,
Together gather ye,
All those who have by sacrifice
A covenant made with me."

6 And then the heavens shall declare
His righteousness abroad,
For God himself shall judgment give;
None else is judge but God,

PART II. 8 &c.

(C. M.)

Paraphrase.

- 1 Thus saith the Lord: " the spacious fields
And flocks and herds are mine,
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.
- 2 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To hope and trust, to pray and praise,
Are all that I require.
- 3 Not for the want of victims slain
Will I the world reprove;
Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
Without the fire of love.
- 4 The man that offers humble praise,
Declares my glory best;
And those that tread my holy ways
Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM LI.

The fourth penitential.

PART I. 1—8.

[(L. M.)

- 1 O God! whose love is ever free,
Whose grace is boundless, pity me!
In loving kindness hear my pray'r,
And in thy tender mercies spare.
- 2 Purge this polluted heart of mine,
For cleansing grace is only thine:
I own my sins, and still they rise
In all their guilt before mine eyes.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, and thee alone,
The great transgression has been done:
I bow in silence to the dust,
And in thy judgments own thee just.

- 3 Behold I was brought forth in sin,
E'en from my mother's womb unclean;
Till thou remove the deep sunk stain,
The dire infection will remain.
- 4 Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O God, inspire;
Through all my soul let wisdom shine,
And give me purity divine.
- 5 The blood of sprinkling to my soul
Apply, and make my conscience whole;
Abundant grace thou canst bestow
To wash me white as driven snow.
- 6 O when I hear thy pard'ning voice
How shall this broken frame rejoice!
My raptur'd soul shall tell thy praise,
And joy and gladness crown my days.

PART II. 9--13. (L. M.)

- 1 Let all my sins, though deep their dye,
Forever in oblivion lie;
Forever blot the dreadful score,
And view the long account no more.
- 2 Create my inmost heart anew;
My spirit make sincere and true;
Hide not thy soul-enliv'ning ray,
Nor cast me in thy wrath away.
- 3 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
'Those heav'nly joys that once were mine.
Let thy own spirit kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee.
- 4 'Then will I spread abroad thy praise;
With holy zeal declare thy ways,
Till sinners all thy mercies learn,
And humbled to their God return.

PART III. 14—17. (L. M.)

- 1 My guilt of crimson dye erase,
O thou, who canst salvation bring;
Once more unlock my lips in praise,
And let them of thy mercies sing.
- 2 Not streaming blood, nor purging fire,
Thy righteous anger can appease;
Burnt off'rings, thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.
- 3 The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet;
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite at thy feet.

PSALM LIII.

(See *Psalm XIV.*)

PSALM LV. 4—8. (C. M.)

- 1 My heart is pain'd: the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread;
While fearful tremblings seize my breath,
Horrors o'erwhelm my head.
- 2 Then thus I breathe the heaving sigh
To him who hears above;
"O that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove!"
- 3 "Swift I'd escape, and flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hide from the world's wide scene of care
And rest my troubled mind."
- 4 "I'd wing my everlasting flight,
And bid the world farewell,

From sins and strife, to realms of light
Where peace and quiet dwell."

PSALM LVII. 7—11. (L. M.)

Appointed by the church for Easter day, as spoken by the Messiah triumphing in his resurrection.

- 1 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present,
And with my heart my voice I'll raise,
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake my glory, harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
'Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends;
'Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LXI. 2—5. (S. M.)

Paraphrase.

- 1 When overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,

And make the covert of thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.

- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot,
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII 5—8

(C. M.)

- 1 On God, my soul, with patient hope
Resign'd in silence wait:
He bears my sinking spirits up,
Then let my hopes be great.
- 2 My Rock, my Saviour, my Defence,
My everlasting Stay;
Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
Nor move my soul away.
- 3 God my salvation shall complete;
From him my glory springs;
Rock of my strength! my soul shall wait
Its refuge in his wings.
- 4 Ye saints, whene'er with grief opprest,
Recline upon his power;
Disclose to him your anxious breast—
God is our refuge tower!

PSALM LXIII. 1—8.

(II. 1)

- 1 O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayer shall offer'd be,

- For thee my thirsty soul does pant:
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 O, to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious power restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays;
 Because to me thy wond'rous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.
- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ;
 With lifted hands adore his name:
 My soul's content shall far exceed
 Theirs who on rich abundance feed,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 And when I wake in dead of night;
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV. 1—4.

(L. M.)

- 1 For thee, O God, at Zion's gate,
 Our thankful off'rings ever wait;
 Thither we haste on festal days
 To pay our vows and tell thy praise.
 O thou whose ear delighted bends,
 Whene'er thy people's prayer ascends,
 Thy name shall all mankind adore,
 And altars raise from shore to shore.

- 3 Against our souls our sins prevail;
How deep their guilt! Their numbers fail!
But mercy, boundless as thy sway,
Mercy shall wash them all away.
- 4 Blest is the man who finds a place
Within the dwellings of thy grace;
With food divine he shall be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

PART II. 8—13. (L. M.)

- 1 The rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Each in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide extended varying scenes
All smiling round thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy unfailing hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 The sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow;
Soft on the springing corn descend,
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year;
Thy paths drop fatness all around:
E'en barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain
There plenty every charm displays;

Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

PSALM LXVII. 1—5. (S. M.)

- 1 To bless thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

PSALM LXVIII. (II. 2.)

Appointed for Whitsunday, as celebrating the ascension of Christ, the descent of the Holy Ghost, the conversion of the Gentiles, &c. An abridged paraphrase.

- 1 Let God, th' immortal God, arise!
Scatter'd be all his enemies;
Let praise to heaven ascend:
Jehovah's name forever bless,
The Father of the fatherless;
The widow's God and friend.

- 2 The word was given by the Lord;
Great were the triumphs of that word,
While victory rais'd the song:
Kings with their armies fled apace;
Triumphant shone the reign of grace,
And nations join'd the throng.
- 3 The church of Christ ye saints behold,
Her dove-like wings, her radiant gold,
Her righteousness divine;
Her silver vestments, spotless white,
Around diffuse her glorious light;
Her beams refulgent shine.
- 4 See hosts of angels fill the sky;
Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high,
That man with God may dwell:
Captivity is captive led;
For fallen man the Conqu'ror bled,
To save from death and hell.
- 5 Lo! Zion's portals wide expand;
Gentiles around her altars stand,
With one divine accord:
Sing praise to God! O praise his name!
Ye kingdoms, join the glorious theme!
Praise ye! O praise the Lord.

PSALM LXXI.

PART I. 5—9.

(C. M.)

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;

- And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year:
Behold my days that yet remain
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when years decline,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

PART II. 14—16.

(C. M.)

Paraphrase.

- 1 My God, my everlasting friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Day after day, in every song,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
Teach thou my heart, inspire my tongue
To praise thee more and more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Lord and God.
- 4 Mercies on mercies I'll proclaim,
And thy salvation own;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention thine alone.

PSALM LXXII.

PART I. 2—7.

(C. M.)

- 1 (The strains that ancient David sung
Of royal Solomon;

- We to a mightier King apply,
 God's own eternal Son.)
- 2 Behold he comes, an upright Judge,
 Dispensing truth and grace:
 The hills are blest with righteousness,
 The mountains crown'd with peace.
- 3 The sons of want, th' afflicted-poor,
 Shall bless his gracious sway,
 While from their weary neck he takes
 Th' oppressive yoke away.
- 4 In every heart his righteous fear
 Shall then be rooted fast,
 Long as the sun and moon endure,
 Or time itself shall last.
- 5 Soft he descends, like vernal showers
 Upon the new-mown plain;
 Grateful, as when the parched earth
 Drinks in the copious rain.
- 6 Beneath his rule the just and good
 Shall be with favour crown'd;
 Long as the measured seasons roll
 His blessings shall abound.

PART II. 8—11, 17.

(G M.)

- 1 Messiah's uncontroll'd domain
 From sea to sea extends;
 Begins at proud Euphrates stream;
 At nature's limit ends.
- 2 The kings of Tarshish and the Isles
 Shall costly presents bring;
 From Sheba spicy gifts shall come,
 And wealthy Saba's king.

- 3 Monarchs to him shall bow the knee,
 And prostrate homage pay;
 Kindreds and people, nations, tongues,
 All own his righteous sway.
- 4 The mem'ry of his glorious name
 Through endless years shall run;
 Brighter his spotless fame shall shine,
 And longer than the sun.
- 5 All who adore beneath his feet,
 He shall forever bless,
 And shower in streams upon their heads
 Joy, peace, and righteousness.

PSALM LXXII.

(L. M.)

Second Version—Paraphrase.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold the islands with their kings,
 The furthest clime her tribute brings:
 From north to south the princes meet,
 'To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia glorious to behold;
 There India shines in Eastern gold;
 And barbarous nations at his word,
 Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28.

(L. M.)

- 1 Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
And thy right hand assistance gave:
Thou first shalt with thy council guide,
And then to glory me receive.
- 2 For whom in heaven but thee alone
Have I, whose favour I require?
In all the earth there is not one
That I before thee can desire.
- 3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.
- 4 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

- 5 For me, my God, 'tis good and just
That I should still to thee repair;
In thee repose my constant trust,
And all thy wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV. 1—4. 22.

C. M.)

- 1 Why hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
Oh! why against thy chosen flock
Should thy fierce anger burn?
- 2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord;
The land that is thine own;
The sacred land, fair Zion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone.
- 3 O come and view our ruin'd state!
How long our troubles last!
See how the foe, with wicked rage,
Has laid thy temple waste.
- 4 They dare blaspheme thy holy name,
Where once thy servants pray'd;
Within the temple's sacred bounds
Their banners are display'd.
- 4 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause;
Dejected Zion raise;
Vanquish her foes; assert her rights;
And thine shall be the praise.

PSALM LXXVII.

PART I. 7—12.

(S. M.)

- 1 "Will God," I mourning cried,
"Forever cast away?
His gracious favour, still denied,
Will he no more display?"

- 2 "Shall all his mercies fail?
 Those mercies so divine!
 Nought shall those promises avail,
 Whereon my hopes recline?"
- 3 "Will God no more renew
 The mem'ry of his grace?
 No more his tender mercies show,
 But hide in frowns his face?"
- 4 No—'tis a faithless thought,
 My own infirmity;
 I will recall the wonders wrought
 By thy right hand, Most High.
- 5 I'll think thy mercies o'er;
 Thy power and love proclaim:
 So shall my soul thy truth adore,
 And rest upon thy name.

PART II. 16—20.

(L. M.)

- 1 The waters saw thee, mighty Lord!
 The waters saw thee, and were aw'd!
 Old ocean trembled—all its waves
 Were troubled to their deepest caves.
- 2 The clouds pour'd out their wat'ry store,
 Amid the storm's tempestuous roar;
 Thy red wing'd arrows flew abroad,
 While sounding skies announc'd the God.
- 3 And as thy voice around the pole,
 In awful threats was heard to roll,
 Earth trembling groan'd, while o'er her head,
 In livid sheets thy lightnings sped.
- 4 Mysterious God, thy trackless way
 Lies in the deep unfathom'd sea:
 No mortal thought can ever trace
 Thy wond'rous steps of power and grace.

PSALM LXXVIII. 3—7

(C. M.)

- 1 Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And our forefathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

PSALM LXXXI. 1—4.

(C. M.)

- 1 To God, our everlasting strength,
Your loftiest anthems sing,
And make a loud, harmonious noise
To Jacob's glorious king.
- 2 Compose your hymns of sweetest praise,
Swell all your notes of joy;
The mellow pipe, the cheerful string
Your grateful skill employ.
- 3 Loud let the silver trumpets pour
Their sounding notes of praise,
To usher in the great new moon,
And mark the festal days.

For this a statute was of old
 By Jacob's God decreed,
 To be with pious care observ'd
 By Israel's chosen seed.

PSALM LXXXIV.

PART I. 1—8.

(V. 1.)

- 1 Lord of the worlds above!
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are.
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
- 2 Within thy hallow'd dome
 The sparrow builds her nest;
 Thy altars are a home
 Where wandering swallows rest:
 Like them, my God,
 I would be blest,
 And find my rest
 In thy abode.
- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still;
 Thrice happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 To that blest seat
 O God, our king,
 Direct and bring
 Our willing feet.

PART II. 10—12.

(C. M.)

- 1 Happy are they, my God and King,
 Who in thy courts abide;
 One day within those courts exceeds
 A thousand days beside.
- 2 Yea, at the threshold of thy house
 My soul would rather wait,
 Than dwell, with all the pomp of sin,
 In tents of worldly state.
- 3 For thou who art a sun and shield,
 Wilt grace and glory give,
 And no good thing withhold from those
 Who in thy statutes live.
- 4 O God, whom heaven's bright armies fear!
 Forever blest is he,
 Whose single hope, and constant faith
 Are firm repos'd in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. 10—13.

(C. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Christmas day.

- 1 Mercy and truth together meet,
 In our Immanuel's face;
 There peace and righteousness divine
 With smiles of love embrace.
- 2 See springing from the joyful earth,
 Eternal truth arise;

While righteousness, with gracious smiles,
Looks downward from the skies.

3 Jehovah pours his blessings round
O'er all the fertile plains;
Rich fruits of mercy bless the earth
Since our Immanuel reigns.

4 His righteousness prepares his way
On high before him gone;
Careful we'll tread his sacred steps,
And follow to his throne.

PSALM LXXXVI. 15—17. (III. 2)

Paraphrase.

- 1 O thou God of my salvation!
Now thy pow'rful aid impart;
Thou, the Lord, art all compassion,
Ever gracious is thy heart.
In thy long forbearance waiting,
Still averse thy wrath to show;
Streams of mercy unabating,
With thy truth abundant flow.
- 2 Gracious God, in mercy turning,
Bid me triumph in thy love:
Now, thy breast with pity yearning,
Pour thy goodness from above.
'Tis thy servant waits before thee,
Pleads in faith that honour'd name;
Let thy handmaid's son adore thee,
And thy great salvation claim.
- 3 Rise, my gracious God and Saviour,
Let thy grace be now reveal'd;
Some sweet token of thy favour
To thy trembling servant yield.

Then shall all my foes behold me,
 And with shame thy love confess;
 Own thy pow'rful arms infold me,
 And thy kindest mercies bless.

PSALM LXXXIX.

Appointed by the Church for Christmas day.

PART I. 6—9.

(L. M.)

- 1 What Seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
 Or who among the sons of Earth,
 With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 2 With rev'rence and religious dread,
 His saints should to his temple press:
 His fear through all their hearts should spread,
 Who his almighty name confess.
- 3 Lord God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength or power like thine renown'd?
 Or such a num'rous faithful host,
 As that which doth thy throne surround?
- 4 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
 And change the prospect of the deep:
 By thee, the sleeping billows roll;
 By thee, the rolling billows sleep.

PART II. 11—18.

(L. M.)

- 1 In thee the sover'ign right remains
 Of Earth and Heaven: Thee Lord alone,
 The world and all that it contains
 Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 2 The poles on which the globe doth rest,
 Were form'd by thy creating voice;

- Tabor and Hermon—East and West,
In thy sustaining power rejoice.
- 3 Thy arm is mighty—strong thy hand;
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
- 4 Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
The sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 5 Fullness of joy thy saints shall bless,
Who on thy sacred name rely;
Exalted in thy righteousness,
They shall ascend and claim the sky.
- 6 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Their conquests from thy grace shall spring;
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God is Israel's king.

PSALM XC.

(C. M.)

PART I. 1—6.

Part of the selection for the burial service.

- 1 O thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place.
- 2 Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand;
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command:
- 3 That power which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.
- 5 Thou giv'st the word: thy creature man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, "ye sons of men
"Return ye into nought."
- 6 Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off,
With overwhelming sweep.
- 7 They flourish like the morning flower
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

PART II. 9—12.

(L. M.)

- 1 Our days alas! how short their bound,
Though slow and sad they seem to run;
Revolving years roll swiftly round,
A mournful tale—but quickly done.
- 2 Our age is three score years and ten,
Or if to four score we delay,
Our strength is then but care and pain—
So soon cut down we flee away.
- 3 What mortal thought can comprehend
The awful glories of thy throne!
Not all the terrors fear can lend,
Can make thy dreadful vengeance known.
- 4 Teach us to count our fleeting days,
And with true diligence apply

Our hearts to sacred wisdom's ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

PSALM XCI.

PART I. 1—10

(III. 2)

- 1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly.
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

PART II. 11—16.

(III. 2)

- 1 God shall charge his angel legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;

Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep:
 On the lion, vainly roaring,
 On his young, thy foot shall tread,
 And, the dragon's den exploring,
 Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

- 2 Since with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection,
 He will shield thee from above:
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
 He will hearken, he will save,
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCII. 1—5. (III. 1)

Paraphrase.

- 1 Oh, how grateful is the song,
 Thankful hearts and voices raise,
 'To extol, amidst the throng,
 God Most High—thy name in praise!
 All thy kindness to declare,
 With the morn in light array'd;
 Or thy faithfulness and care,
 Constant as the ev'ning shade.
- 2 While the choir responsive rings,
 Let the tuneful psaltry join,
 Instruments of various strings,
 Harp with melody divine;
 Let the lofty Organ round
 Loudly peal, or softly swell,
 And in sacred solemn sound,
 On Jehovah's praises dwell.

- 3 'Thou, O God, with holy joy,
 Dost my soul to triumph raise
 When thy works my thoughts employ,
 Works of nature or of grace:
 O how wise their vast design,
 Great in wonder! mighty Lord!
 Deep in myst'ry, all divine
 Are thy councils and thy word.

PSALM XCIII.

(L. M.)

- 1 With glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne!
 Which shall no change or period see;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCV. 1—7.

(C. M.)

- 1 Come let us to Jehovah sing
 With loud exulting voice;
 In praise of our salvation's rock,
 With heart and soul rejoice.
- 2 O let us to his presence haste
 With hymns of grateful praise,

And with triumphant joy, to him
Our psalms harmonious raise.

3 For King of Kings and Lord of Lords
The great Jehovah is;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
The mountain's strength is his.

4 To him the rolling waves belong,
He fix'd the ocean's bound;
His forming hand alone prepar'd
And laid the solid ground.

5 Come let us worship at his throne,
And bow before him all;
Low on our knees before the Lord,
Our Maker, let us fall.

6 He is our God; the people we
Who in his pasture feed;
The favor'd flock, whom his right hand
Shall ever guide and lead.

PSALM XCV. *Second version.* (IV. 4)

1 O come let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice,
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise with one heart and one voice.

2 For Jehovah is king, and he reigns
The God of all Gods on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

3 The sea is Jehovah's;—he made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's;—he laid
Its solid foundations below.

- 4 O come let us worship and kneel
 Before our Creator and God;
 The people who serve him with zeal;
 The flock whom he guides with his rod.
- 5 To day let us hearken, to day
 To the voice that yet speaks from above;
 And all his commandments obey,
 For all his commandments are love.
- 6 But oh! of rebellion beware,
 Rebellion that hardens the breast,
 Lest God in his anger should swear,
 That we shall not enter his rest.

PSALM XCVI. 9—13. (L. M.)

- 1 Worship before Jehovah's face,
 In beauteous forms of holiness;
 Your off'rings to his altar bring
 While earth adores her God and King.
- 2 Tell the wide world Jehovah reigns;
 His hand the universe sustains;
 In robes of judgment see him come
 To give to all their righteous doom.
- 3 Rejoice, O heavens! be glad, O earth!
 All nature join the sacred mirth;
 Let ocean in her fullness rise
 And roar the anthem to the skies.
- 4 With joy let fertile vallies ring,
 While tuneful groves their music bring;
 Ye forests bend with lowly nod,
 And waving, hail the approaching God.
- 5 Behold! in truth and justice clad,
 He comes to judge the world he made;

He comes, he comes, mankind to bless
And rule the world in righteousness.

PSALM XCVII.

PART I. 1—5. (C. M.)

- 1 Jehovah reigns! with sounds of joy,
Let earth approach the Lord,
And distant isles their songs employ
His honours to record.
- 2 Darkness and clouds around him wait,
His ways are all unknown;
Yet truth and grace support his seat,
And justice is his throne.
- 3 He comes—the flames his way prepare,
In judgment see him come;
His enemies his wrath shall bear,
And meet their final doom.
- 4 Around the world his lightnings fly,
His awful thunder rolls;
Earth views the dreadful signs on high,
And trembles to the poles.
- 5 The hills like wax before his face,
In liquid fire are pour'd:
Let all amidst the general blaze
Adore creation's Lord.

PART II. 10—12. (L. M.)

- 1 O ye, who love Jehovah's name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He keeps his saints, and o'er their heads
The shield of his salvation spreads.
- 2 For all his saints, for them alone,
The seeds of heavenly light are sown,

Gladness and joy around them rise—
A harvest ripening for the skies.

- 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
His sacred honors glad record:
With grateful songs Jehovah bless,
And praise him in his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII. 1—4. (C. M.)

- 1 Sing to the Lord a new made song,
Who wond'rous things has done;
His own right hand, his holy arm,
The victory has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world,
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of Israel's house, his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
And all the earth, the saving pow'r
Of Israel's God has seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

PART II. 9—10. (C. M.)

Paraphrase applied to the advent of Christ.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room:
Let all creation sing.
- 2 Ye saints, rejoice—the Saviour reigns!
In praise your tongues employ:

Floods, clap your hands; exult, ye plains,
And shout, ye hills, for joy.

- 3 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings known,
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 Joy to the world! the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
Let all creation sing.

PSALM C.

(L. M.)

- 1 With one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with sacred mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. *Second version.* (I. M.)*Paraphrase.*

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men,
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name.
- 4 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 *Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI. 1—3. (III. 1)

- 1 Mercy, judgment, now my tongue
Makes the subject of her song:

* The following verse is introduced here in a favourite arrangement of the music (*Denmark*), to which this psalm is sung as an anthem;

With harps and hymns, soft melody
Into the concert bring;
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound
To praise the Almighty King.

- Lord, to whom then shall I sing,
But to thee, eternal King.
- 2 Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide;
Never from thy perfect way
In the paths of sin I'll stray.
- 3 Come, O come, celestial guest!
Let my roof with thee be blest;
Lo! my heart, with studious care,
For thy presence, I prepare.
- 4 Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand
Dare to break thy just command;
Ne'er within me shalt thou find
Aught that speaks a faithless mind.

PSALM CII.

PART I. 19—21.

(C. M.)

- 1 From heaven, his everlasting throne,
O condescending grace!
Jehovah looks with pity down
Upon our fallen race.
- 2 He sees the groaning captive's pain,
And brings a kind reprieve;
His hand strikes off the galling chain,
And bids the victim live.
- 3 Live to declare his glorious name,
And spread his praise abroad,
And in his sacred courts proclaim
The mercy of his God.
- 4 Assembled there his saints attend,
And songs of praise repeat:

While there united nations bend
And worship at his feet.

PART II. 24—28.

(C. M.)

- 1 Through endless years thou art the same,
O thou, eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee, the azure vault of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside
And chang'd at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminish'd rays.
- 5 Thy children's children, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favor prove
And spread thy praise abroad.

PSALM CIII.

PART I. 1—5.

(S. M.)

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His mercies bear in mind;
 Forget not all his benefits,
 Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He feeds thee with his love,
 Upholds thee with his truth,
 And like the eagle's, he renews
 The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 O bless the Lord, my soul,
 His grace to thee proclaim,
 And all that is within me join
 To bless his holy name.

PART II. 8—17.

(c. m.)

- 1 Come, let our souls repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 Jehovah will not always chide;
 His anger soon departs;
 He deals his punishments in love,
 And not by our deserts.
- 3 Far as the heaven above the earth,
 Its lofty arch extends,
 So far his love to sinful man,
 Our utmost thoughts transcends.
- 4 Far as the east is from the west,
 He all our guilt removes,

And spares us, as a father spares,
The children whom he loves.

5 He sees how weak and frail we are,
He knows we are but clay;
Like morning flowers of the field,
We flourish and decay.

6 But his compassions and his love
To endless years endure,
And children's children still shall find
His word of promise sure.

PART III. 19—22.

(S. M.)

1 The Lord, the sov'reign king,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly worlds he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye that excel in strength,
And haste to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Ye shining hosts, who wait
The orders of your king;
Ye servants, who his courts attend,
United praises sing.

4 Let all o'er whom he reigns,
His wondrous love extol:
Awake, my tongue, thy grateful lays;
Bless thou the Lord, my soul.

PSALM CIV.

PART I. 1—5.

(IV. I.)

1 Bless God, O my soul,
Rejoice in his name;
O Lord, let my voice
Thy greatness proclaim;

Surpassing in honour,
 Dominion and might,
 Thy throne is the heav'n,
 Thy robe is the light.

2 The sky we behold,
 A curtain display'd;
 The chambers of heav'n,
 On waters are laid:
 The clouds are a chariot,
 Thy glory to bear,
 On wings thou art wafted.
 Thou ridest on air.

3^d As rapid as fire,
 Thy angels on high,
 Convey thy commands,
 Thy ministers fly:
 The earth on its basis
 Eternal sustain'd,
 Is fix'd in the station
 Thy wisdom ordain'd.

PART II. 13—15.

(L. M.)

- 1 God from his cloudy cistern pours
 O'er the parch'd earth enriching showers:
 The grove, the garden and the field,
 A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 2 He makes the grassy food arise,
 And gives the cattle large supplies,
 With herbs for man of various power,
 Nature to nourish or restore.
- 3 Luxuriant fruit the vines produce;
 The melting olive yields her juice;

The gen'rous wine, refreshing oil,
To gladden man amid his toil.

- 4 Then bless his name, ye people fed
With cheering fruits and strength'ning bread;
And while he thus his gifts imparts,
Serve him with ever grateful hearts.

PART III. 24—32. (II. 3)

- 1 How manifold thy works, O Lord!
In wisdom, power and goodness wrought;
The earth is with thy riches stor'd,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught.
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep,
For thee their hidden treasures keep.
- 2 There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
By thee directed on their way;
There in his own mysterious world
Leviathan delights to play:
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to thee.
- 3 By thee alone the living live;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give —
Take thou away their breath, they die:
Send forth thy spirit from above,
And all again is life and love.
- 4 Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
Thou, God, forever art the same;
I AM, is thy unchanging name.

PSALM CVI. 1—5.

(L. M.)

- 1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past,
Has stood and shall for ages last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Blessed are they and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know and love thy perfect will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil.
- 4 May I that kind remembrance share,
Which to thy people thou dost bear:
Lord make me one with them and thee,
And let me all thy glory see.

PSALM. CVII.

Paraphrase. 1—8.

(III. 1)

- 1 Thank and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home.

- 4 Then unto the Lord they cry,
 He inclines a gracious ear,
 Sends deliv'rance from on high,
 Rescues them from all their fear.
- 5 To a pleasant land he brings,
 Where the vine and olive grow,
 Where from flow'ry hills the springs
 Through luxuriant vallies flow.
- 6 O that men would praise the Lord,
 For his goodness to their race!
 For the wonders of his word,
 And the riches of his grace.

PART II. 10—15. (III. 1)

- 1 They that mourn in dungeon gloom,
 Bound in iron and despair,
 Sentenc'd to a heavier doom
 Than the pangs they suffer there.
- 2 Foes and rebels once to God,
 They disdain'd his high control,
 Now they feel his fiery rod
 Striking terrors through their soul.
- 3 Wrung with agony they fall
 To the dust, and gazing round,
 Call for help—in vain they call,
 Help, nor hope, nor friends are found.
- 4 Then unto the Lord they cry,
 He inclines a gracious ear,
 Sends deliv'rance from on high,
 Rescues them from all their fear.
- 5 He restores their forfeit breath,
 Breaks in twain the gates of brass,

From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

- 6 O that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race!
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

PART III. 23—31. (C. M.)

- 1 Thy wondrous power, Almighty Lord,
'That rules the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
Then plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 5 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.
- 6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see his wondrous ways,
His wondrous love record.

PSALM CVIII. 1—5. (C. M.)

- 1 O God, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay;
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell,
 And to those nations sing thy praise,
 That round about us dwell:
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height,
 The highest heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,
 Thy faithful truth extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CX. (C. M.)

*Appointed for Christmas day—as describing the triumphs and
 priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 The Lord unto my Lord thus spake—
 “ Enthron'd in glory sit
 At my right hand, till all thy foes
 Shall fall beneath thy feet.
- 2 Jehovah shall from Zion send
 The sceptre of his word,

- That rod of strength—till all confess
Messiah is the Lord.
- 3 Thy glorious day of pow'r appears,
Day of victorious grace;
See, willing nations croud thy courts,
In robes of righteousness.
- 4 Behold how numberless and bright
The dew drops of the morn;
In shining myriads, thus thy saints
Thy triumphs shall adorn.*
- 5 The Lord hath sworn, nor will repent,
In heav'n thy high abode,
Eternal shall thy priesthood be
Thou great high priest of God.
- 6 Conquer'd by thee, at thy right hand
All enemies shall fall;
Kingdoms and empires shall submit
And own thee Lord of all."
- 7 But he must taste—it is decreed,
Affliction in the way;
Perfect through suff'rings—glory crowns
His head in endless day.

PSALM CXI. 1—4.

(L. M.)

Appointed by the Church for Easter day.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord: our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise:
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

* See Bishop Horne in loco.

- 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wondrous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

PSALM CXII. 1—6.

(L. M.)

- 1 That man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honors crown'd.
- 2 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury:
His justice free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
To pity the distress'd inclin'd
As well as just to all mankind.
- 4 His lib'ral favours he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;

And long the memory of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM CXIII. 1—7. (L. M.)

For Easter day.

- 1 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age forevermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heav'ns his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God? so great, so high;
He bows himself to view the sky,
And yet with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust
And saves the poor that in him trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age forevermore.

PSALM CXIV. (H. 3)

The church uses this psalm on Easter day, probably considering the subject of which it treats, as representing our spiritual deliverance by the resurrection of Christ.

- 1 When Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land;

- Supported by the great I AM,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand:
 The Lord in Israel reign'd alone
 And Judah was his fav'rite throne.
- 2 The sea beheld his power and fled,
 Divided by the wondrous ro l;
 Jordan ran backward to its head,
 And Sinai felt th' incumbent God;
 The frighted mountains skipp'd like rams;
 The little hills, like trembling lambs.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?
 What horror turn'd the river back?
 Was nature's God displeas'd with thee?
 And why should earth's foundations shake?
 Ye mountains that ye skipp'd like rams,
 Ye little hills like trembling lambs?
- 4 Earth, tremble on withall thy sons
 In presence of the awful Lord,
 Whose power inverted nature owns,
 Her only law, his sov'reign word;
 He shakes the centre with his rod,
 And heav'n bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation varied by his hand,
 Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows;
 The sea is turn'd to solid land;
 The rock into a fountain flows;
 And all things as they change proclaim,
 The Lord eternally the same.

PSALM CXVI.

(C. M.)

A short paraphrase.

PART I. 1—7.

- 1 I love the Lord—he lent an ear
 When I for help implor'd;

- He rescu'd me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the Lord.
- 2 Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
Death dragg'd me for his prey;
The pit was mov'd to take me in;
All hope was far away.
- 3 I cried in agony of mind
"Lord, I beseech thee save:"
He heard me; death his prey resign'd.
And mercy shut the grave.
- 4 Return my soul unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

PART II. 12—16.

(C. M.)

- 1 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me
So great and numberless?
- 2 This will I do for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The sacramental cup I take,
And call upon thy name.
- 3 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face
And at thine altar bow.
- 4 Henceforth to thee myself I give
With single heart and eye,
To walk before thee while I live
And bless thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

(L. M.)

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Jehovah's glorious name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—26.

(S. M.)

*Appointed by the church for Easter day—accordingly it is applied
 to the Resurrection in the following Paraphrase:*

- 1 Behold the living stone
 To endless honours rise!
 On it the church shall rest alone,
 Though scribes and priests despise.
- 2 The builders, in disgrace,
 Had cast this stone away;
 But now it fills the noblest place
 And there our hopes we lay.
- 3 The building it sustains
 And binds the structure sure;
 Head of the corner, it remains
 Eternally secure.
- 4 O Lord, the act is thine;
 Thou bid'st the Saviour rise;
 Thou bid'st the grave its prey resign;
 'Tis wondrous in our eyes.
- 5 This is the glorious day
 Jehovah made his own,

Our holy joy we will display
And worship at his throne.

6 To thee, in highest songs,
Hosanna we proclaim;
Jesus, to thee, the praise belongs;
Salvation to thy name.

7 Lord, hear our humble pray'r,
O save us from above!
And let thy church enjoy thy care
And prosper in thy love.

PSALM CXIX.

PART I. 1—5.

(C. M.)

1 How blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray.

2 How blest, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been,
And have with fervent, humble zeal,
His favour sought to win.

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord.
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life,
By thy direction guide.

PART II. 9—12.

(C. M.)

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin;
Thy word, O Lord, the way imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 With my whole heart I've sought thy face,
Then let me never stray
From thy commands, O gracious God,
Nor tread the sinners way.
- 3 Safe in my heart and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.
- 4 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

PART III. 33—37.

(C. M.)

- 1 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord;
Thy righteous paths display,
And I from them through all my life
Will never go astray.
- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect law I will
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead,
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
 Incline my willing heart;
 Let no desire of worldly wealth
 From thee my thoughts divert.
- 5 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
 Which this false world displays;
 But give me lively power and strength
 To keep thy righteous ways.

PART IV. 67—68. 71—72. (C. M.)

- 1 Before I felt thy chast'ning hand,
 My God I went astray;
 But thou hast broke my stubborn will
 And taught me to obey.
- 2 In all thy various providence,
 E'en when I felt thy rod,
 Thy love I see, and still must own
 The goodness of my God.
- 3 Yea, I confess 'twas good for me
 To taste the cup of woe,
 For thus my wayward heart was brought
 Thy righteous will to know.
- 4 Now all the counsels of thy word,
 I love and value more
 Than thousands of the richest gold,
 Or mines of silver ore.

PART V. 89—91. (C. M.)

- 1 For ever and for ever, Lord;
 Unchang'd thou dos't remain:
 Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns
 Doth all their orbs sustain.

- 2 From age to age, thy faithfulness
 Immovable shall stand;
 Thou hold'st the earth and still it lasts
 By thy Almighty hand.
- 3 All things the course by thee ordain'd,
 E'en to this day fulfil;
 They are thy faithful subjects all
 And servants of thy will.

PART VI. 5. 35—29. &c. (C. M.)

- 1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still;
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this heart of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands;
 'Tis a delightful road:
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

PART VII.

(C. M.)

- 1 Lord I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
There my best thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the records of thy love,
And keep thy law in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
To guide us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page;
O may it guide my earliest youth
And cheer my latest age.

PSALM CXXI.

(C. M.)

- 1 Lo! from the hills my help descends;
To them I lift mine eyes:
My strength on him alone depends,
Who form'd the earth and skies.
- 2 He ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to slide;
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

- 3 He at thy hand array'd in might,
 His shield shall o'er thee spread;
 Nor sun by day, nor moon by night
 Shall hurt thy favor'd head.
- 4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While he thy life defends,
 Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,
 Whose mercy never ends.

PSALM CXXII.

(II. 2)

- 1 The festal morn, my God, is come
 That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore;
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 And now we greet with raptur'd eyes,
 Fair Zion tow'ring to the skies;
 Within her gates we stand:
 City of Peace! how sweet the sight
 When all thy sons in love unite,
 A holy, happy band.
- 3 Hither from Judah's utmost end,
 The heaven protected tribes ascend,
 Their off'rings hither bring;
 Here eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ
 And hail th' immortal king.
- 4 May peace forever dwell with thee,
 O Salem,—thus with bended knee,
 To Jacob's God we pray;
 How blest who calls himself thy friend,

Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

- 5 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Never the voice of tumult hear,
Nor wasting war deplore;
May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.
- 6 Seat of my friends and brethren hail!
Ne'er shall my tongue, O Zion fail
To bless thy lov'd abode;
Ne'er cease the zeal that in me glows
To seek thy good, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God.

PSALM CXXII. *Second version.* (S. M.)

- 1 Glad was my heart to hear
My dear companions say—
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.
- 2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 3 Thither the tribes ascend,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy seat.
- 4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heav'n be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

5 Within these walls, may peace
 And harmony be found;
 Zion in all thy palaces
 Prosperity abound.

6 For friends and brethren dear,
 Our pray'r shall never cease;
 Oft as they meet for worship here,
 God send his people peace.

PSALM CXXIII.

(L. M.)

1 On thee who dwell'st above the skies,
 For mercy wait my longing eyes;
 As servants wait their masters' hands,
 And maids their mistresses' commands.

2 O then have mercy on us, Lord;
 Thy gracious aid to us afford;
 No longer let our foes oppress,
 But see and pity our distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

(II. S.)

National deliverance.

1 Had God forsook us, when our foes
 In adverse hosts against us rose;
 Had God, we now may surely say,
 Forsook us in the dreadful day,
 When gath'ring troops their wrath outpour'd
 Their fury had our tribes devour'd.

2 Down had we sunk, and o'er our head,
 The swelling floods their waves had spread;
 Down had we sunk—but blest be God,
 Whose arm the timely help bestow'd,
 And, all opposers chas'd away,
 Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.

- 3 See, as the bird with sudden spring,
 Exulting mounts upon the wing,
 Just rescued from the fowler's art
 So triumph we with thankful heart,
 And, sav'd by God's preventing care,
 Shake from our feet the broken snare.
- 4 When woes and dangers round us rise,
 Our help on God alone relies;
 To him our liberty we owe,
 And own his strength against the foe,
 Whose hand thy centre fix'd, O Earth,
 And give th' enduring Heavens their birth.

PSALM CXXV.

(C. M.)

- 1 Who make the Lord of hosts their tow'r,
 Shall like mount Zion be,
 Immovable by mortal pow'r,
 Built on eternity.
- 2 As round about Jerusalem,
 The guardian mountains stand;
 So shall the Lord encompass them,
 Who hold by his right hand.
- 3 The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
 Against the just prevail,
 Lest innocence should find a snare
 And tempted virtue fail.
- 4 Do good, O God, do good to those
 Who cleave to thee in heart;
 Who on thy truth alone repose,
 Nor from thy law depart.
- 5 While rebel souls, who turn aside,
 Thine anger shall destroy;

Do thou in peace thy people guide,
To their eternal joy.

PSALM CXXVII.

(C. M.)

- 1 Unless the Lord sustain the house,
The builders lose their pain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchmen wake in vain.
- 2 In vain ye rise, in vain ye watch,
And eat the bread of care;
The balm of peace and sweet content.
His children only share.
- 3 When duteous sons around thee stand,
They are kind heav'n's reward;
Not arrows in a giant's hand,
Can yield so sure a guard.
- 4 Happy the man who thus is blest;
His quiver fill'd with these,
Securely he may dwell in peace,
Nor fear his enemies.

PSALM CXXX.

(S. M.)

The sixth penitential, for Ash Wednesday.

- 1 From lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- 2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;

- My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.
- 6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM. CXXXI.

(III. 1)

Paraphrase.

- 1 Lord, forever at thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtlety beguil'd,
On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Saints rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:

Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM CXXXII.

PART I. 7—9.

(G. M.)

- 1 Now to the temple of our God
We will with joy repair;
Low at the footstool of his grace
Present our humble pray'r.
- 2 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thy wonted seat possess;
Thou and thy ark of saving strength,
The waiting temple bless.
- 3 The priests who at thy altars wait
In righteousness array;
Inspire our souls with joyful praise,
And hear us when we pray.

PART II. 11—18.

(L. M.)

- 1 To David thus Jehovah swear:
Thy children shall thy throne maintain;
From age to age the sceptre bear,
Till on that throne Messiah reign.
- 2 Zion my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my 'dwelling, my delight,
With loving kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.
- 3 I satisfy her poor with bread;
Her tables with abundance bless;
Joy in her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

- 4 There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
 The branch of glory and renown;
 His foes my vengeance shall consume,
 Him with eternal years I crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

(C. M.)

- 1 How vast must their advantage be,
 How great their pleasure prove,
 Who live like brethren, and consent
 In offices of love.
- 2 True love is like that precious oil,
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
 Its costly moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil;
 Or like the early drops, that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
 Where the Almighty King
 The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
 And life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXIII. *Second version.* (C. M.)

- 1 Sweet is the love that mutual glows
 Within each brother's breast,
 And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
 All blessing and all blest.
- 2 Sweet as the od'rous balsam pour'd
 On Aaron's sacred head;
 Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
 A breathing fragrance shed.

- 3 Like morning dews on Zion's mount,
That spread their silver rays,
And deck with gems the verdant pomp
Which Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such the Lord of life and love,
His blessing shall extend;
On earth, a life of joy and peace—
Then, life that ne'er shall end.

PSALM CXXXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 Bless ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,
Ye, who within his house by night
Watch round the altar's flame.
- 2 Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.
- 3 From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord, our Maker, send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end.

PSALM CXXXVI. 1—9, 25, 26. (V. 1)

- 1 To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God doth prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

- 2 To him, whose wondrous pow'r
 All other gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 Your grateful homage pay:
 For God, &c.
- 3 At his supreme command,
 Amazing works are wrought;
 By his almighty hand
 The sky with glories fraught:
 For God, &c.
- 4 He spread the ocean round
 About the spacious land,
 And bade the rising ground
 Above the waters stand:
 For God, &c.
- 5 By him the heavens display
 Their beauteous hosts of light;
 The sun to rule by day,
 The moon and stars by night:
 For God, &c.
- 6 His hands the food supply
 On which all creatures live:
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give:
 For God, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

(L. M.)

- 1 By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
 For Zion's woes our hearts did rend:
 Our harps, in tune no longer kept,
 Upon the willows we suspend.

- 2 For there our foes insult us still,
And taunting, aggravate our wrongs:
"Captives, display your boasted skill;
Come sing us one of Zion's songs."
- 3 The songs of Zion are the Lord's,
And his are all the notes we raise;
We will not touch the tuneful chords,
Till we can sound them in his praise.
- 4 While Zion lies in ruin still,
Dare we her dear remembrance leave?
No, first these hands shall lose their skill,
These tongues shall to our palates cleave.
- 5 Remember, Lord, how Edom's sons
Proudly contemn'd us in our woes,
Triumph'd o'er Zion's scatter'd stones,
And urg'd to rage her cruel foes.
- 6 But God will Babylon destroy;
Her righteous doom shall none retard;
And happy he who sees the day
When she shall meet her due reward.

PSALM CXXXIX.

PART I. 1—6.

(L. M.)

- 1 'Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee;
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find thy hand;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 How awful is thy searching eye!
 Thy knowledge, O how deep, how high!
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

PART II. 7—12.

(C. M.)

- 1 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
 O whither can I flee?
 If I ascend the highest heavens,
 The heavens are full of thee.
- 2 If down to hell's profoundest depths
 My hast'ning feet descend,
 Thy piercing eyes, in fiery wrath,
 My footsteps there attend.
- 3 If on the morning's wing upborne,
 I seek the ocean's bound,
 There, swifter than the morning wing,
 Thy guiding hand is found.
- 4 Or if to shroud me from thy view,
 I veil myself in night,
 Thou, to whom darkness shines as day,
 Beholdest me in light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee:
 Oh! may I ne'er provoke thee, God,
 From whom I cannot flee.

PART III. 17, 18, 23, 24.

(II. 3)

- 1 How precious are thy thoughts of peace! -
 O God, to me how great the sum!
 New every morn, they never cease;
 They were, they are, and yet shall come:
 In number and in compass more
 Than ocean's sand or ocean's shore.
- 2 Search me, O God, and know my heart;
 Try me; my secret soul survey;
 And warn thy servant to depart
 From every false and evil way:
 So shall thy truth my guidance be
 To life and immortality.

PSALM CXLI. 2—5.

(L. M.)

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house;
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
 I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
 And by my warm petitions prove
 How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLIII.

The seventh penitential: for Ash-wednesday.

PART I. 1—6.

(L. M.)

- 1 O Lord, my supplications hear,
Deign to incline a pitying ear!
According to thy faithfulness
Answer with all thy wonted grace.
- 2 Bid me not at thy bar appear
The sentence of thy law to hear;
For who, in righteous judgment tried,
Who living shall be justified?
- 3 Lord, I have foes without, within,
Satan, the world, in-dwelling sin;
'These, these my fainting soul surround,
And smite my spirit to the ground.
- 4 The comforts of thy face have fled:
I dwell in darkness as the dead;
My heart lies desolate within,
Broke with the weight of grief and sin.
- 5 Then I recall the happy days,
When once I knew and felt thy grace;
I meditate thy works of old,
The wonders by thy servants told:
- 6 Hoping again, I stretch my hands,
And long for thee, as thirsty lands—
For thou, like showers of genial rain,
Canst sweetly cheer my heart again.

PART II. 7—10.

(L. M.)

- 1 Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly;
My courage fails at thy delay:
Hide not thy face; my soul must die,
If thou withdraw thy blissful ray.

- 2 Speak to my heart, the gloomy night
 Shall vanish and sweet morning rise:
 O thou, my trust, my guide, my light,
 Show me the path where duty lies.
- 3 All my desires ascend to thee;
 O save me from my numerous foes;
 To thy kind guardian wing I flee
 For safe defence and sweet repose.
- 4 Teach me to do thy sacred will;
 Thou art my God, my hope, my stay:
 Let thy good Spirit lead me still,
 And point the safe, the upright way.

PSALM CXLIV. 12—15.

(L. M.)

- 1 Our sons, O Lord, beneath thy care
 Grow up, like plants, erect and fair;
 Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
 Where royal buildings charm the eyes.
- 2 Then plenty shall our stores increase,
 Plenty the lovely child of peace;
 The fold its fleecy wealth shall yield,
 And pour its thousands o'er the field.
- 3 The well fed ox shall then afford
 His cheerful labours to his lord;
 No more shall cruel plunder reign,
 Nor want nor misery complain.
- 4 O happy people, favour'd state,
 Whom such peculiar blessings wait;
 Happy, who on the Lord depend,
 Their God, their guardian, and their friend.

PSALM CXLV.

PART I. 1—4.

(c. M.)

- 1 My God, my King, to thee I'll raise
 My voice and all my powers;
 Unwearied songs of sacred praise
 Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
 While suns shall set and rise,
 And tune my everlasting song,
 When all creation dies.
- 3 Great is the Lord: our souls adore;
 We wonder whilst we praise;
 His power what creature can explore,
 Or equal honours raise?
- 4 Yet shall thy works, almighty Lord,
 Our noblest songs adorn;
 Thy glorious acts we will record
 For ages yet unborn.

PART II. 8—11.

(c. M.)

- 1 How full the Lord's compassions flow!
 His wrath, how slow to rise!
 Swift pardon smiles upon his brow,
 And every terror dies.
- 2 How large his tender mercies are!
 How wide his power extends!
 On his beneficence and care
 The universe depends.
- 3 Great God, whilst nature speaks thy praise.
 With all her num'rous tongues,

- Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.
- 4 Thy power and grandeur they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign;
Thy wondrous deeds, almighty King,
Shall fill the raptur'd strain.

PART III. 14—19.

(C. M.)

- 1 The Lord upholdeth them that fall,
And makes the lowly rise;
On his kind aid all creatures call,
And get their full supplies.
- 2 Whate'er their various wants require
With plenteous hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.
- 3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays.
- 4 He grants the full desires of those
Who humbly him adore;
And all their troubles will compose,
When they his aid implore.

PSALM CXLVI.

(II. 1.)

- 1 I'll praise My maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs; their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who built the sky,
And earth, and seas, and all their train:
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
His truth forever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
And whispers to the mourner peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release:
- 5 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age
In this exalted work engage—
Praise him in everlasting strains!

PSALM CXLVII.

PART I.

(L. M.)

The verses which the church has selected for thanksgiving day.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord! O blissful theme,
To sing the honours of his name!
'Tis pleasure! 'tis divine delight!
And praise is lovely in his sight.

- 2 His Salem now the Lord restores;
No more her ruin she deplores;
The wand'ring outcasts all return,
And Israel's sons no longer mourn.
- 3 No more their breaking hearts despair;
He binds their wounds with tend'rest care;
His healing hand removes their pain,
And cheerful comfort smiles again.
- 4 He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs,
On earth the plenteous blessing pours;
The mountains smile in lovely green,
And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.
- 5 His bounteous hand, great spring of good,
Provides the brute creation food;
He feeds the ravens when they cry;
All nature lives beneath his eye.
- 6 Jerusalem his honours raise;
Thy God, O Zion, claims thy praise;
His mighty arm defends thy gates;
His blessing on thy children waits.
- 7 Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene,
O'er thy fair border smiles serene;
The finest wheat luxuriant grows,
And joyful plenty round thee flows.

PART II. 15—20.

(L. M.)

- 1 Jehovah speaks: swift from the skies,
To earth the sovereign mandate flies;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.
- 2 Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;

- And glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains,
 Binds nature fast in icy chains.
- 3 He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
 And nature's fetters melt away;
 Softly the vernal breezes blow,
 And murm'ring waters gently flow.
- 4 But nobler works his grace record;
 To Israel he reveals his word;
 To Jacob's happy sons alone,
 He makes his sacred precepts known.
- 5 Such bliss no other nation shares;
 The laws of heav'n are only theirs;
 Ye favor'd tribes your voices raise,
 And bless your God in songs of praise.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PART I.

(III. 2)

- 1 Begin my soul th' exalted lay;
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty name;
 Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where everlasting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair;
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim;
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.
- 3 Angels, archangels swell the sound,
 While all th' adoring thrones around,

- His boundless glories sing;
 Let all who fill the realms above,
 Awake the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.
- 4 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir:
 Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid;
 And soon as evening veils the plain,
 Thou, moon, unite thy silver strain,
 And praise him in the shade.
- 5 'Thou heav'n of heavens, his vast abode;
 Ye clouds proclaim your maker God,
 Who call'd the world from night;
 "Ye shades dispel"—the eternal said,
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

PART II.

(III. 2)

- 1 Let every element rejoice:
 Ye thunders, burst with pealing voice
 To him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 2 To him ye graceful cedars bow;
 Ye tow'ring mountains bending low,
 Your great Creator own;
 Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale;
 Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
 Keep up the general song.
- 3 Wake, all ye feather'd tribes and sing,
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,

Harmonious anthems raise;
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 And tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

- 4 Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ;
 Spread the Creator's fame around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

PSALM CXLIX. 1—6.

(IV. 1)

- 1 Prepare a new song
 Jehovah to praise,
 Amidst the full throng
 His honours to raise.
 O Israel forever
 Thy Maker adore;
 Exult in thy Saviour,
 Thy King evermore.
- 2 Encircling his throne
 With sacred delight,
 His glories alone,
 Your praises unite;
 Your voices combining,
 Touch every sweet string,
 In harmony joining
 Jehovah to sing.
- 3 His people have found
 How he loveth his own;
 With beauty adorn'd,
 The meek he will crown;

Exalted in glory,
 His servants he'll save—
 My God, they'll adore thee
 When rais'd from the grave.

- 4 Ye saints of the Lord,
 As round him ye stand,
 The two edged sword,
 His word in your hand;
 To sound his high praises,
 Your voices employ;
 To triumph he raises,
 And crowns you with joy.

PSALM CL.

(III. 1)

- 1 Praise, O praise the name divine;
 Praise it at the hallow'd shrine;
 Let the firmament on high,
 To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Every tongue and every chord,
 Praise the name of Jacob's Lord;
 Let his acts and pow'r supreme,
 Be of all your songs the theme.
- 3 Be the harp no longer mute;
 Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
 Wake to life each tuneful string;
 Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.
- 4 Let the organ in his praise
 Learn its loudest notes to raise;
 And the cymbal's varying sound,
 From the vaulted roof rebound.
- 5 All who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ;

- And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.
- 6 Praise the name of God most high;
Praise him all below the sky;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

END OF THE PSALMS.

PART II.



HYMNS.

SUITED TO THE FESTIVALS, FASTS AND VARIOUS OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

ADVENT.

HYMN 1.

- 1 From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
- 2 Peace o'er the world her olive branch extends,
And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descends;
Fly swift the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light! Auspicious babe be born!
- 3 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies.
- 4 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers,
Prepare the way! thy God, thy God appears!

- Thy God, thy God!—the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
- 5 Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way.
- 6 The Saviour comes, by ancient bard's foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
- 7 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear:
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's fierce tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

HYMN 2.

(C. M.)

- 1 Hark! the glad sound—the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole;
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.

- 5 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of peace,
 Thy advent shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name,

HYMN 3.

(III. 2)

- 1 Come thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a king;
 Born in us to reign forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 4.

(L. M.)

The second Advent.

- 1 The Lord shall come—the earth shall quake;
 The mountains to their centre shake;
 And with'ring from the vault of night,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come—but not the same
 As once in lowliness he came;
 A silent Lamb before his foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.

- 3 The Lord shall come—a dreadful form,
 With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm;
 On cherubs borne and wings of wind,
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be he, who used to stray
 A Pilgrim on the world's highway?
 Oppress'd by power and mock'd by pride,
 The Nazarene—the crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call
 "Rocks hide us, mountains on us fall,"
 The saints ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, the Lord is come.

HYMN 5.

(III. 3)

The second Advent.

- 1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah,
 Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Hark! his merit by th' harpers
 Through th' eternal deep resounds;
 See! resplendent shine his nail prints;
 Every eye shall see his wounds;
 They who pierc'd him,
 Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All his saints by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air;
 Hallelujah,
 See the son of God appear.

- 4 Answer thine own bride and spirit;
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
 The new heavens and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy longing children home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come.
- 5 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne;
 Saviour take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah—come, Lord, come.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 6.

(C. M.)

Luke II.

- 1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 'The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 "To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 "Is born of David's line,
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 "And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
 "To human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrap'd in swathing bands,
 "And in a manger laid."

- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, who thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 " All glory be to God on high,
 " And to the earth be peace;
 " Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
 " Begin and never cease."

HYMN 7.

(C. M.)

- 1 Good will to sinful dust is shown,
 And peace on earth is given,
 For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
 With news of joy from heav'n.
- 2 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn;
 Let heav'n and earth in concert sing,
 The promis'd child is born.
- 3 Glory to God in highest strains,
 By highest worlds be paid:
 Be glory then by us proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd:
- 4 Till we attain those blissful realms
 Where now our Saviour reigns,
 To rival these celestial choirs
 In their immortal strains.

HYMN 8.

(III. 1)

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new born king;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd—
Christ, the everlasting Lord—
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Lo! he lays his glories by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 5 Hail, the heav'n born prince of peace!
Hail, the sun of righteousness!
Ris'n with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings.
- 6 Let us then with angels sing,
Glory to the new born king;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

HYMN 9.

(C. M.)

- 1 Salvation, O the joyful sound!
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
And see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation, let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Chorus that may be sung at the end of each verse.

Glory, honour, praise and pow'r
Be unto the Lamb forever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah—praise the Lord.

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 10.

(III. 5)

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HYMN 11.

(S. M.)

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;

Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found.

3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
'The saints of old desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 12.

(III. 3)

Day-spring among the heathen.

1 Christians, see the orient morning
Break along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning,
Glorious day spring from on high.
Hallelujah!

Hail the day spring from on high!

2 Heathens at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes their grateful lays;
Precious off'rings they are bringing,
First fruits of maturer praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Zion's sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the distant hills,
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 Then the vallies and the mountains
 Breaking forth in joy shall sing;
 Then the living crystal fountains
 From the thirsty ground shall spring.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 While the wilderness rejoices,
 Roses shall the desert cheer;
 Then the dumb shall tune their voices;
 Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 Lord of every tribe and nation,
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole:
 Speed the light of thy salvation,
 Till it beam on every soul.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail the day spring from on high!

LENT.

HYMN 13.

(C. M.)

- 1 Amazing scene! Th' incarnate God
 By satan's wiles assail'd;
 Yet spurn'd, like Sampson's bands, with ease,
 The strong temptations fail'd.
- 2 And whence, O Saviour, say from whence,
 To meet the trying hour,
 Was drawn against th' insidious foe
 Thy panoply of power?
- 3 Didst thou in all the Godhead rise,
 And call down heavenly fire?
 Or did the almighty Father send
 His ministers of ire?

4 No—By the words of holy writ
The great Redeemer sped;
Aw'd by the force of sacred truth,
The tempter heard and fled.

5 O be the same assisting grace
In all our wants supplied!
The Holy Spirit strength impart,
The holy volume guide.

HYMN 14.

(C. M.)

The General Confession.

- 1 Almighty Father, God of grace,
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turn'd
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound:
Alas! in thought, or word or deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 O spare us, Lord; in mercy spare;
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffer'd on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,
That we through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

HYMN 15.

(L. M.)

- 1 O thou, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book;

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let me now approach thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood.
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 16.

(C. M.)

- 1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heav'n, Oh let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears:
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid:
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 17.

(L. M.)

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy sov'reign grace can draw me thence:

I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My God, and there my heaven I find.

HYMN 18.

(III. 1.)

Litany.

- 1 Saviour, when in dust to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept,
By thy bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode;
By the troubled sigh that told
Treason lurk'd within the fold;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

- 4 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
 By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
 By thy perfect sacrifice,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 5 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy power from death to save;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restor'd,
 Prince and Saviour, hear the cry
 Of our solemn litany.

HYMN 19.

(C. M.)

- 1 When his lost sheep the shepherd finds,
 He calls his friends around;
 "Rejoice with me, my friends," he cries,
 "My wand'ring sheep is found."
- 2 Far more exalted joys arise,
 When a lost sinner turns,
 And in the anguish of his soul,
 His past offences mourns:
- 3 Transports of unexpected bliss
 Pervade th' angelic choir;
 "Another wand'rer found," they sing,
 And sweep the sounding lyre.
- 4 The reconciled Father joys
 To see the sinner weep,

And Jesus, with extended arms,
Welcomes his ransom'd sheep.

- 5 Lord, we like sheep have gone astray;
Restore us to thy fold;
And there, that we no more may rove,
Thy helpless wand'ers hold.

HYMN 20.

(C. M.)

- 1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "return;"
My God, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love?
- 4 Almighty Grace, thy healing pow'r
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 21.

(S. M.)

- 1 I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:

- A soul inur'd to pain,
 To hardship, grief and loss;
 Ready to take up and sustain
 The consecrated cross.
- 2 I want a godly fear;
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to God when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepar'd
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.
- 3 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray, and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy way,
 Or wish my suff'rings less.
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.
- 4 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
 To thee and thy great name;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

HYMN 22.

(C. M.)

Walking with God.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame,

- A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 (Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?)
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their mem'ry still;
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.)
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that make thee mourn,
And drive thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

THE PASSION WEEK.

HYMN 23.

(C. M.)

- 1 Behold the mighty Saviour comes
From Edom's hostile plains;
A crimson vesture he assumes,
And blood his raiment stains.
- From Bozrah glorious he appears;
His robes with vict'ry shine:

Complete salvation, lo, he wears,
With majesty divine.

- 3 Why thus array'd, mysterious man,
In vests of purple glow?
Why are thy garments dy'd with streams
That from the vine press flow?
- 4 "The wine press I myself have trod,
And with me there was none;
Your strength and your salvation stood
Complete in me alone."

HYMN 24.

(C. M.)

- 1 See what unbounded zeal and love
Inflam'd the Saviour's breast,
When steadfast tow'rds Jerusalem
His urgent way he press'd.
- 2 Good will to man, and zeal for God
His ev'ry thought engross;
He hastes to be baptiz'd with blood;
He longs to reach his cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work his spirit flew;
Love only urged him on.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, to view the cross
Where all our griefs were borne;
To look on thee whom we have pierc'd;
To look on thee and mourn.

HYMN 25.

(C. M.)

- 1 Listen, my soul, while Jesus prays
In dark Gethsemane:
"Father, if it be possible,
Remove this cup from me?"

- 2 What must have been the bitter draught
Of that mysterious cup!
“Nevertheless, thy will be done;
Content, I drink it up.”
- 3 Then on the cold and midnight ground
He bows his sacred face;
Tortur'd with unknown agony,
More earnestly he prays.
- 4 Angels support his sinking frame;
Blood oozes from his veins:
My wond'ring soul, hence learn the weight
Of thy Redeemer's pains.

HYMN 26.

(III. 4.)

- 1 Go to sad Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn from him to watch and pray.
- 2 See him in the judgment hall,
At th' unrighteous bar arraign'd;
See him meekly bearing all—
See how love his soul sustain'd.
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

HYMN 27.

(L. M.)

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food:"
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
 "This the new covenant in my blood:"
 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end;
 Meet at my table and record
 The kindness of your dying friend;
 The love of your departed Lord."

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 28.

(C. M.)

- 1 From whence these direful omens round,
 Which heaven and earth amaze?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
 Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathize:
 The sun, as darkest night be black;
 The great Redeemer dies!
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree
 His all-atoning blood!
 Is this Immanuel?—Even he;—
 My Saviour and my God!
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail:
 For me this death is borne:
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed ev'ry thorn.

- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
 Break, Lord, its tyrant chain:
 Oh, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

HYMN 29.

(III. 3.)

- 1 Hark, the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See the rocks are rent asunder;
 Darkness veils the mid-day sky.
 "It is finish'd,"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 O what joy to helpless sinners
 These triumphant words afford!
 Heav'nly blessings without number
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd—"
 Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Immanuel's name:
 All on earth and all in heav'n
 Join the triumph to proclaim.
 "It is finish'd;"
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN 30.

(L. M.)

- 1 When I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ, my God:

Forbid all other hope or trust,
But the atonement of his blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 31.

(L. M.)

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 32.

(L. M.)

Prayer for the Jews.

- 1 Disown'd of Heav'n, by man oppress,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,

- Wherefore should Israel's sons once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race;
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd king.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again,
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied to own,
The Lord he crucified to love.
- 5 Hail glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour;
With eager feet, one temple throng,
With grateful praise, one God adore.

EASTER.

HYMN 33.

(C. M.)

- 1 Since Christ our passover is slain
A sacrifice for all,
Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the festival.
- 2 Not with the leaven as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by power divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,

Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins,
He once vouchsaf'd to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 34.

(III. 1)

- 1 Angels roll the stone away;
Death yields up his mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! mortals raise
All your loudest songs of praise;
Hail the Son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new born.
- 3 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide;
Glorious hero through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 4 Gabriel strike thy deepest lyre;
Sweep your strings immortal choir;
Earth and Heaven, all join to tell,
"Jesus reigns o'er death and hell."

HYMN 35.

(III. 1)

- 1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels say;

- Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Now he's veil'd in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of Hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King—
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save—
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 36.

(C. M.)

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom;
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb.
- 3 The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

- 4 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies;
 Broken beneath his pow'rful cross,
 Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 This day be grateful homage paid
 And loud hosannahs sung;
 Let gladness swell in every heart
 And praise on every tongue.
- 5 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
 To hail this happy morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 On nations yet unborn.

HYMN 37.

(C. M.)

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 Hosannah to our conqu'ring King!
 The prince of darkness flies,
 His troops rush headlong down to hell,
 Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
 And fright the rescued sheep;
 But heavy bars confine their pow'r
 And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosannah to our conqu'ring King!
 All hail incarnate love!
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
 Through the wide world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 38.

(C. M.)

Job. xx. 25, 27.

- 1 Great God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with kindred clay.
- 2 But faith can triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
"I know that my Redeemer lives,"
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh;
When he shall build my bones again,
He'll cloth them all afresh.
- 4 Then I shall see thy glorious face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 39.

(C. M.)

- 1 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades;
The dawn of Heaven appears;
The Resurrection morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 2 I hear the voice, "ye dead arise,"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.
- 3 They leave the dust, and on the wing,
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet the King,
And bow before him there.

- 4 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them cloth'd in white;
 The meanest place at his right hand,
 Is infinite delight.

ASCENSION.

HYMN 40.

(L. M.)

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;
 He claims those mansions as his right;
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way."
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
 The Lord of boundless power possest,
 The King of saints and angels too—
 God over all, forever blest!

HYMN 41.

(C. M.)

The glory of Christ in heaven.

- 1 O the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Angels resound his lofty praise
From each celestial seat,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
And when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

HYMN 42.

(C. M.)

"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour." Heb. ii, 9.

- 1 All hail the great Immanuel's name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 2 Ye saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall;

- Pour forth your melodies divine,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 3 Hail him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call;
 The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 5 Ye realms, of every tongue and name
 On this terrestrial ball;
 In every language sound his fame,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.

HYMN 43.

(L. M.)

Rom. viii, 33.

- 1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God that justifies their souls;
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
 And their salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives, he reigns, and sits above,
 Forever interceding there:

Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

- 4 Shall persecution or distress?
Famine or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Jesus' love.

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 44.

(C. M.)

- 1 Come Holy Ghost, Creator come;
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made,
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the comforter, the gift
Of God and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;

That by thy guidance blest we may
Escape the snares of sin.

- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN 45.

(C. M.)

- 1 O thou, who once in fiery tongues,
Cam'st down in open view;
Come visit every heart that longs
To entertain thee too.
- 2 And though not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise;
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.
- 3 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
Nor power the sick to heal;
Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do thy will.
- 4 We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconcil'd to God;
To have our conscience wash'd from sin,
In the Redeemer's blood.
- 5 We pray to have our faith increas'd;
And, O celestial dove!
We pray to be completely blest,
With that rich blessing love.

HYMN 46.

(C. M.)

- 1 Come Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove!
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

- Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove!
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

HYMN 47.

(C. M.)

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, O Holy Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live,
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine;
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 48.

(C. M.)

- 1 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee;
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three.
- 2 One undivided Trinity,
 With triumph we proclaim;
 The universe is full of thee,
 And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
 Thee, Holy Son, adore;
 Thee, Spirit of all holiness,
 We worship evermore.
- 4 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Be endless praise to thee;
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three;

HYMN 49.

(L. M.)

From the Litany.

- 1 Father of Heaven! whose love profound,
 A ransom for our souls hath found;

- Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord;
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
'To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath,
The soul is rais'd from sin and death;
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son;
Mysterious Godhead! three in one!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 50.

(L. M.)

- 1 And now another week has run,
Another Lord's day has begun,
Return my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.
- 3 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And heav'n that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 4 This peaceful calm within the breast,
Is the sure pledge of heav'nly rest,

Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away: —
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 51.

(L. M.)

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our ardent souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach that place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long expected day begin!
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

HYMN 52.

(V. 1)

- 1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise,
Your joyful homage pay.
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of Heav'n's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn,
 The Lord of life arose;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes.
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heav'n with hosannahs rings;
 And earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings.
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great king, gird on thy sword;
 Ascend thy conqu'ring car;
 While justice, power, and love,
 Maintain thy glorious war.
 This day let sinners own thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away.

HYMN 53.

(V. 1)

For God's blessing in the sanctuary.

1 In loud exalted strains,
 The king of glory praise;
 O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
 Through everlasting days.
 But Zion with his presence blest,
 Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory! come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own.
 Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show,
 How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
 Our supplicating cries;
 Now let our praise ascend,
 Accepted to the skies.
 Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
 Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng,
 Imbibe thy truth and love;
 Here Christians join the song,
 Of Seraphim above.
 Till all who humbly seek thy face,
 Rejoice in thine abounding grace.

For more Lord's day Hymns, see those for family and private
 worship.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 54.

(C. M.)

Of Infants.

- 1 See, Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs
 And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach" he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN 55.

(II. 3.)

For the same.

- 1 Captain of our salvation take
 The souls we here present to thee,

And fit for thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality:
 O let them in thine image rise;
 Transplant them then to paradise.

- 2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
 Preserve them for thy sacred cause;
 Accustom'd daily to endure
 The welcome burden of thy cross;
 Patient mid every toil and pain,
 Till all thy perfect mind they gain.
- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
 And serve and love thee all their days;
 Infuse the principle divine,
 In all who here expect thy grace:
 Let each improve the grace bestow'd;
 Rise every child a man of God.

HYMN 56.

(C. M.)

For the same.

- 1 The mystic water sanctify,
 By thine effective word;
 And make the child belov'd by us,
 Belov'd by thee, O Lord.
- 2 Descend thine ordinance to bless;
 Descend celestial dove;
 The earthly nature renovate;
 Inscribe thy law of love.
- 3 Releas'd from sin and sanctified,
 By the Redeemer's blood;
 May his maturer life attest,
 The cov'nant made with God.

HYMN 57.

(C. M.)

Adult Baptism.

- 1 "Proclaim" said Christ, "my father's grace,
To all the sons of men;
He who believes and is baptis'd,
Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who trusting in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the christian race;
In every trouble of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away;
May they be found prepar'd to live,
In realms of endless day.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 58.

(L. M.)

- 1 O happy day that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond! that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign gracious Lord to make me thine;

- Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast.
- 5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 59.

(C. M.)

- 1 Youth, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier work if we begin,
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 60.

(L. M.)

- 1 My God. and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?

Thither be all thy children lead,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

- 2 Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.
- 5 Drawn by thy quickning grace O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

HYMN 61.

(C. M.)

- 1 And are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
'To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love.

- 3 Then let us join the heav'nly choir,
 To praise our heav'nly king;
 O may that love which spread this board,
 Inspire us while we sing;
- 4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will from heav'n to men is come,
 And let it never cease."

HYMN 62.

(C. M.)

Rev. v, 12, &c.

- 1 Thou God, all glory, honor, pow'r,
 Art worthy to receive;
 Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
 And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
 Honor and wealth to gain;
 Glory and strength, who for our sins
 A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou who hast redeem'd,
 And ransom'd us to God;
 From every nation, every coast,
 By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing, and honor, glory, pow'r,
 By all in earth and heav'n;
 To him that sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 63.

(L. M.)

- 1 To Jesus our exalted Lord,
 That name in heav'n and earth ador'd.

- Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak and languishing and low;
Far, far above our mortal songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Saviour, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

HYMN 64.

(C. M.)

Gloria in excelsis.

- 1 To God be glory, peace on earth,
Good will to mortals shown;
We praise, we bless, we glorify,
We worship thee alone.
- 2 We thank thee for thy glorious grace,
That fills our souls with light;
Lord God, the King of Heav'n, the God,
The Father of all might.
- 3 And thou, beloved Son of God,
Who tak'st our sins away;
Have mercy, O thou Lamb of God,
And hear us when we pray.
- 4 Thou who dost sit at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne;

Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord,
Who art the holy one.

- 5 Thou with the Holy Ghost, O Christ,
Whom heav'n and earth adore;
High in the Father's glory art,
Most high for evermore.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 65.

(L. M.)

- 1 And wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise;
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place,
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

HYMN 66.

(C. M.)

- 1 Arise, O king of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

ORDINATION,

HYMN 67.

(L. M.)

St. Matt. Chap. x.

- 1 Go forth, ye Heralds, in my name;
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where ye go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That you're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd;
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And by your labours sinners live.

HYMN 68.

(L. M.)

- 1 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the *Apostle's* honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *Prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lower forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 5 Head of the Church! their hearts shall know
The spring whence all their blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

HYMN 69.

(III. 1)

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,

- 3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
- 4 These to thee our God we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 5 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Though the sick'ning flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
- 6 Should thy alter'd hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
- 7 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

HYMN 70.

(III. 2)

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,

Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 'Till in heaven our song we raise;
 There enraptur'd fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 71.

(II. 2)

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise;
 How bright on high its glories blaze!
 How sweetly bloom below!
 It streams from thy eternal throne;
 Through heav'n its joys forever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
 And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their genial drops distil;
 In every vernal beam it glows;
 It breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in ev'ry rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
 And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
 Whose sweets perfume the gale;
 Its bounties richly spread the plain,
 The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
 And smile on every vale.
- 4 Then let the love which makes me blest,
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
 And ardent gratitude;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend,
 To thee my Father and my friend,
 My soul's eternal good.

FAST DAY.

HYMN 72.

(III. 2)

- 1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations,
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications;
 Now for their deliv'rance rise:
 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 2 Though our sins our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding;
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all:
 Let that mercy veil transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 3 Hear, O God, the vows we render;
 With our hosts to battle go;
 Shield the head of each defender,
 And confound the haughty foe:
 So when ceas'd the battle's raging,
 Thine shall be the victor's praise;
 And in holy bonds engaging,
 We will serve thee all our days.

CHARITY SERMONS.

HYMNS 73.

(C. M.)

Matt. xxv.

- 1 Jesus my Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties how complete!
 How shall I count the matchless sum,
 Or pay the mighty debt.

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light,
 Dost thou exalted shine;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd;
 And in *their* accents of distress,
 Thy suppliant voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see;
 O may we rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee.

HYMN 74.

(III. 3)

- 1 Lord, thy care for all providing
 Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
 Who the lot of all deciding,
 Thus to ancient Israel sung.
- 2 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
 To the poor belongs the treasure,
 Of the scatter'd ear behind.

CHORUS.

- These thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 3 When thine olive plants increasing
 Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,

Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

Chorus. These, &c.

- 4 When thy favor'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These, &c.

- 5 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

- 6 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,
Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.

Hallelujah, Amen.

HYMN 75.

(C. M.)

- 1 Yes, there are joys that cannot fade,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay:
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 76.

(C. M.)

Sunday or Charity School.

- 1 Blest is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands,
Like heav'nly manna fall.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Almighty God! thine influ'nce shed,
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 77.

(V. 1)

*Children and Congregation.**Children.*

- 1 Come let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
For favors so divine,
Our grateful hearts we raise.

Congregation.

To God alone, your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;

Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine.

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wand'ring feet are brought;
Where pray'r and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught.

Congregation.

To God alone your off'rings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts;
'Tis all that we can give.

Congregation.

Great God accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love,
Be crown'd with meet success:
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless.
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now and throughout eternity.

HYMN 78.

(III. 2)

Collection for the spread of the Gospel.

1 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;

- Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation,
 His abounding grace proclaim;
 Let his friends of every station,
 Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted;
 May the world the Saviour know;
 Be my all to him devoted:
 To my Lord my all I owe.

MISSIONARY.

HYMN 79.

(L. M.)

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smilings of thy face,
 Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
 To plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
 To be a light to Gentile lands?
 To open the benighted eye,
 And loose the groaning captive's bands?
- 3 Hast thou not said from sea to sea,
 His vast dominions shall extend?
 That every tongue shall call him Lord,
 And every knee before him bend?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear;
 The time to favor Zion come;
 Send forth thy heralds far and near,
 To call thy banish'd children home.

HYMN 80.

(III. 3)

Christ the light of the Gentiles.

- 1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze:
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
 Rise, and all thy blessings bring:
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
 Rise with healing in thy wing:
 To thy brightness,
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen now adoring
 Idol gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone.
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given;
 Zion's Ruler, give command;
 Let the company of preachers,
 Spread thy name from land to land.
 Lord be with them,
 Alway to the end of time.

HYMN 81.

(III. 2)

- 1 Men of God, go take your stations;
 Darkness reigns through all the earth;
 Go proclaim among the nations,
 Tidings of Messiah's birth.

- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
 As the power of God to save;
 Go where Christ was never named;
 Publish freedom to the slave.
- 3 What though earth and hell united,
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
 Plead his cause, be not affrighted;
 Fear ye not the face of man.
- 4 When expos'd to threat'ning dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend;
 Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend.

HYMN 82.

(L. M.)

For Missionaries on their departure.

- 1 With heav'nly power, O Lord, defend
 Those whom we now to thee commend;
 Fill them with all-sufficient grace,
 And guide their feet in paths of peace.
- 2 Mid distant climes or dreary plains,
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns;
 O mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm and clear their view.
- 3 When worn with toil their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail;
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge their conqu'ring way.
- 4 Before them thy protection send;
 O keep them, save them to the end;
 Nor let them, as thy pilgrims, rove
 Without the convoy of thy love.

HYMN 83.

(III. 1)

The universal reign of Christ.

- 1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah! Hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies;
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furl'd;
Sheath'd his sword; he speaks; 'tis done:
And the kingdoms of this world,
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
- 6 Then the end: beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God;
God in Christ, is all in all.

(See Hymns for Epiphany.)

HYMN 84.

(L. M.)

For the Jews.

- 1 High on the bending willows hung,
Israel still sleeps the tuneful string?

- Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?
- 2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promis'd king his sceptre sways;
Behold thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And weeping think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
'Tis friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?

SEASONS.

HYMN 85.

(L. M.)

New Year.

- 1 The God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns the op'ning year,
Thy scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead!
Since to this day the changing sun,
Through his last yearly period run.

- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,
That through this year, or month, or day,
I shall retain this vital breath?
Thus far at least in league with death:
- 4 That breath is thine, Eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them ever thine;
So shall we rest secure from fear,
Though death should blast the op'ning year.
- 6 Thy children, willing to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore
Where years and death are known no more.

HYMN 86.

(C. M.)

New year.

- 1 And now my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake my soul; with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how faint,
And what thy great concern?

- 4 Now a new scene of time begins;
 Set out afresh for heav'n:
 Seek pardon for thy daily sins,
 In Christ so freely given.
- 3 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 And hope a happy end.

HYMN 87.

(C. M.)

Close of the year.

- 1 Awake ye saints, attune your harps,
 And raise your voices high;
 Awake and praise that sov'reign love,
 Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies;
 Each moment brings it near;
 Then welcome each declining day;
 Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise;
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,
 To our transported eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course;
 Ye mortal powers decay;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 88.

(III, 1)

Close of the year.

- 1 While with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year;

Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have fled from all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Swift its destin'd mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies,
 Darts and leaves no trace behind;
 Thus with speed our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Lord, on high our wishes raise;
 All on earth is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 'Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view:
 Guide the young, and warn the old;
 Bid them seek the Saviour's love;
 That when life's brief tale is told,
 All may dwell with thee above.

HYMN 89.

(C. M.)

The barren fig tree: for the end of the year. Luke xiii.

1 See in the vineyard of the Lord,
 A barren fig tree stand;
 It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
 Though planted by his hand.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
 And still no fruit is found;

It stands among the living trees,
Encumbering the ground.

- 3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads
"The barren fig tree spare;
In mercy stay the threat'ning hand,
And grant another year.
- 4 Perhaps some means of grace untri'd,
May reach the stony heart;
Or the soft dews of tender love,
May heav'nly life impart.
- 5 But if all means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit appear;
Then mercy may no longer plead,
Nor ask another year."

HYMN 90.

(L. M.)

The seasons crowned with goodness.

- 1 Eternal source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;

- And winter, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 91.

(C. M.)

Spring.

- 1 While beauty decks the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale;
How sweet the vernal day.
- 2 And, hark! the feather'd warblers sing;
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the balmy Spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 Thus to my soul, O God of grace,
Thy life and warmth impart;
Bid ev'ry trace of winter cease,
And Spring revive my heart.
- 4 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine,
Attune my joyful tongue.

HYMN 92.

(C. M.)

Harvest.

- 1 My soul, the God of seasons praise;
My tongue his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
And harvest crowns the spring.
- 2 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 3 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 4 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

HYMN 93.

(III. 2)

Autumn.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:
- 2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where like us he blighted fell;)
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell.
- 3 Youth on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread;

View us late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead:

- 4 What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace;
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
 Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 Thus we preach this truth concerning
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away."
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
 O let all our hopes be laid;
 This alone, forever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN 94.

(C. M.)

Winter.

- 1 Stern winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd.
- 2 The sun withdraws his gen'rous beams,
 And light and warmth depart,
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart!
- 3 O happy state, divine abode!
 Where spring eternal reigns,
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 4 Great source of light, thy beams display;
 My drooping joys restore,

And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

HYMN 95.

(L. M.)

Morning or Evening.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 96.

(L. M.)

Morning.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
We safely pass'd the silent night;
Again we see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.
- 2 New born we bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
Our conscious souls resume their pow'r,
And spring, O gracious God, to thee.
- 3 O guide us through the various maze,
Our doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around our head.

- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend;
 A deeper sleep our eyes oppress;
 Yet still thy goodness shall defend,
 Thy mercy still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall fade away;
 That deeper sleep shall leave our eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 97.

(III. 4)

Morning.

- 1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies;
 Christ, the true and only light;
 Sun of righteousness arise;
 Triumph o'er the shades of night:
 Day Spring from on high be near;
 Day Star in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit thou this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiancy divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display;
 Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 98.

(L. M.)

Morning.

- 1 Awake, my soul and with the sun,
 Thy daily course of duty run;

- Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare;
Redeem thy mispent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience as the noon day clear;
Think how th' all seeing God surveys
Thy secret thoughts and all thy ways.
- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to thee, Eternal King.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as early dew;
Guard the first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Suggest, direct, control this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 99.

(L. M.)

Evening.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:

- Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close:
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 100.

(C. M.)

Evening.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;

R

Till we should praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts desire.

HYMN 101.

Evening.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And every ev'ning shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow of my head,
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

BURIAL SERVICE.

HYMN 102.

(C. M.)

- 1 No more lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms;
Death's but the servant Jesus sends,
To call us to his arms.
- 2 If sin be pardon'd we're secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r,
But Christ, our ransom, died.

- 3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 When in the grave he lay;
 And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
 To everlasting day.
- 4 Then joyfully, while life we have,
 To Christ our life we'll sing;
 "Where is thy victory, O grave?
 And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 103.

(S. M.)

- 1 And must this body die?
 This well wrought frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine,
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these our bodies shine,
 And fashion'd like their risen head,
 Be heav'nly and divine.

HYMN 104.

(S. M.)

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
 That hastens to the sea;
 How strong the tide that bears our souls,
 On—to eternity!

- 2 Our fathers, where are they?
 With all they call'd their own;
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth, and honor gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell;
 No other heritage possess,
 But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear;
 Thou everlasting friend!
 While we on life's extremest verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace;
 Till with them in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

HYMN 105.

(C. M.)

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame—
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 But leaves the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things;
 Th' eternal state of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo
 Attends on every breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go,
 Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 That if our souls are hurried hence,
 They may be found with God.

HYMN 106.

(III. 1.)

- 1 "Spirit, leave thine house of clay;
 Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;
 Spirit, cast thy chains away;
 Dust, be thou dissolv'd in death."
 Thus th' Almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies:
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransom'd captive flies.
- 2 "Pris'ner, long detain'd below;
 Pris'ner, now with freedom blest;
 Welcome, from a world of wo,
 Welcome, to a land of rest."
 Thus, the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high;

While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust;
Grave, the treas'ry of the skies;
Every atom of thy dust,
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

HYMN 107.

(C. M.)

In a grave-yard.

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked here from troubling cease;
Here passions rage no more;
And here the weary pilgrim rests,
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 Here rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 Here servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And here in peace the ashes mix,
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death
Lie sleeping in the tomb;

Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their righteous doom.

HYMN 108.

(C. M.)

- 1 Few are thy days, and full of wo,
O man of woman born;
Thy doom is written, "dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."
- 2 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.
- 3 Gay is thy morning; flatt'ring hope
Thy sprightly steps attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.
- 4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

PART III.

HYMNS MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 109.

(L. M.)

- 1 Eternal power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name:
But O, the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, but man below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 110.

(C. M.)

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died" they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!"
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 111.

(III. 2)

- 1 Great Jehovah! God of glory,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
- 3 For thy providence that governs,
Through thine empires wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow—
How unsearchable thy reign!

- 4 But thy rich, thy free redemption—
 How shall that employ my tongue?
 Thought is poor, and poor expression—
 Who dare sing that awful song?

PART II.

(III. 2)

- 1 Brightness of thy Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Fly my tongue such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 2 Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my heart refuse to praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest wo;
 All to ransom guilty captives—
 Flow my praise, forever flow.
- 4 Great Jehovah! God of glory!
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just and awful praise.

HYMN 112.

(III. 1)

"My times are in thy hands." Ps. xxi, 15.

- 1 Sov'reign ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise;
 All our times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd us in the womb,
 He shall guide us to the tomb;
 All our ways shall ever be
 Order'd by his wise decree.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;
 Times of want and times of wealth;
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please our heav'nly friend.
- 4 Plagues and deaths around us fly—
 Till he bids we cannot die;
 Not a single shaft can hit,
 Till the God of love sees fit.
- 5 May we always own thy hand;
 Still to thee surrender'd stand;
 Know that thou art God alone,
 We and ours are all thine own.

HYMN 113.

(C. M.)

Sinai and Zion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke.
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven!
 And God, the judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make;

All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

HYMN 114.

(C. M.)

- 1 Now let our voices join
 To form a sacred song.
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flow'rs of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise,
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
 Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wand'rers on
 To realms of endless day!

HYMN 115.

(III. 2)

- 1 Saviour, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptur'd saints above;

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou did'st seek me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Did'st redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restor'd, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord when life is ended,
Bring me to my heav'nly home.

HYMN 116.

(S. M.)

1 Let party names no more
The Christian Church o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure overflow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 117.

(C. M.)

1 Our God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below:

- The heart, with love to God inspir'd,
 With love to man will glow.
- 2 O may we love each other, Lord,
 As we are lov'd of thee;
 For none are truly born of God,
 Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same;
 The law of love our hearts should bind,
 The fire of love inflame.
- 4 So shall the vain contentious world
 Our peaceful lives approve;
 And wond'ring say, as they of old,
 "See how these Christians love."

HYMN 118.

(C. M.)

- 1 How blest the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus, my Leader, Shepherd, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 119. (III. 1.)

- 1 Great the joy when Christians meet;
 Christian fellowship how sweet!
 When, their theme of praise the same,
 They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move—
 When he saw our race undone,
 Lov'd the world and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love,
 How he left the realms above;
 Took our nature and our place;
 Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
 With our stubborn hearts he strove;
 Chas'd the mists of sin away;
 Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
 When the saints in glory meet;
 Where the theme is still the same;
 Where they praise Jehovah's name.

HYMN 120. (L. M.)

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee?
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise?
 Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon,
 Let morning blush to own the sun;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this beclouded soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
 Let night disown each radiant star;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 Or no immortal soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
 And Oh! may this my portion be,
 My Saviour not asham'd of me.

HYMN 121.

(L. M.)

- 1 Come, weary souls with sin distrest,
 Come and accept the promis'd rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 O come and spread your woes abroad;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;

Pardon and life and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling and rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

HYMN 122.

(C. M.)

- 1 Ye hungry souls, ye starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms—
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 123.

(L. M.)

Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 Ye sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;

- Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know,
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 124.

(C. M.)

- 1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 125.

(L. M.)

- 1 Let all our works and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
Bright let our faith and graces shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin,
Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

HYMN 126.

(C. M.)

- 1 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through the Son.
- 2 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 3 'Tis through the virtue of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 4 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 127.

(III. 1)

- 1 Israel, to thy tents repair!
Why secure on hostile ground?
God commands thee to beware;
Lurking foes the camp surround.
- 2 Hark! the trumpet's martial strain—
Israel gird thee for the fight;
Rise—the combat to maintain;
Rise—and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 Sleep not thou as others do;
Wake, be vigilant, be grave:
Cowards, yea and sluggards too,
Wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 Higher destinies are thine;
Glory waits thee in the skies;
Wilt thou then the war decline?
Wilt thou tamely yield the prize?
- 5 No—renounce a sluggish world;
Valour aids thee from on high;
See the banners are unfurl'd!
On we go to victory.

HYMN 128.

(C. M.)

- 1 Hark! how the watchmen cry;
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms; the foe is nigh!
The pow'rs of hell surround.
- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand;
Go forth to glorious war.

- 3 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of our God;
In Jesus' name they lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies:
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 5 Then on with Christ our head!
His shining footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
- 6 All power to him is giv'n;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness and heav'n,
Are all in Jesus' name.

HYMN 129.

(L. M.)

- 1 Man has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Substantial good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
But, 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love of vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joy refin'd.

HYMN 130.

(III. 1.)

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 131.

(C. M.)

- 1 Long have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
Yet still how weak our faith is found;
How slow to learn thy word.
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
Such faint impressions of thy grace
Our languid powers retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

- 4 Great God! thy sov'reign aid impart
 To give thy word success:
 Write all its precepts on our heart,
 And deep its truths impress.
- 5 Oh! speed our progress in the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

HYMN 132.

(L. M.)

- 1 As when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some commanding hill—
 His heart revives, if o'er the plains
 He sees his home, though distant still.
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heav'n his spirit cheers;
 No more he grieves for sorrows past,
 Nor any future conflict fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 Oh Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay
 The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 133.

(C. M.)

- 1 Father of mercies in thy word,
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight:
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 134.

(C. M.)

- 1 Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;

- But fruits of life and glory grow
In his most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 135.

(C. M.)

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 Father of all! to thee we bow,
By hosts in heav'n ador'd,
But present still throughout thy works—
The universal Lord.
- 2 Forever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 To thee, O Father, may each heart
In filial love be giv'n;

- And let thy blessed will be done
 On earth as 'tis in heav'n.
- 4 Give us this day our daily bread;
 The bread of life bestow;
 As we our brother's faults forgive,
 To us forgiveness show.
- 5 Direct our life, and guard our feet
 From ev'ry evil way,
 Lest in temptation's fatal path
 Our footsteps go astray.
- 6 Thine is the pow'r; the kingdom thine;
 The glory due to thee:
 Thine from eternity they were,
 And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 136.

(III. 2)

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou art safe from all thy foes.
- 3 Here the stream of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
 And all dread of want remove.
- 4 None can faint where such a river
 Freely pours, their thirst t' assuage,
 Blessings which, like God, the giver,
 Never fail from age to age.

- 5 Saviour, if in Zion's city
 Thou record our worthless name,
 Let the world deride or pity—
 We can well endure the shame.
- 6 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show:
 Solid joy and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 137.

(II. 3)

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my mid-night hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 138. (C. M.)

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 139. (III. 2)

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;

For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows:
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
 This dull soul to rapture raise:
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away:
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express:
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 140.

(L. M.)

1 My great Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!
 What zeal to do thy father's will!
 Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
 The desert thy temptation knew,
 Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then shall the Father own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 141.

(III. 1)

- 1 Jesu, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh! receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 142.

(III. 2)

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains
 Whence the living waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna
 In this barren wilderness;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
 Be my robe of righteousness.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 143.

(C. M.)

- 1 Sov'reign of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor while a worm would raise its head,
 Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 *My Father!* O how sweet the sound!
 How tender, and how dear!
 Not all the harmony of heav'n
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart;
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by signal so divine,
 Unwav'ring I believe;
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

HYMN 144.

(III. 1)

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes;
Only in thy wisdom wise.
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might.
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

HYMN 145.

(L. M.)

- 1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee;
O burst those bonds and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
 Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee:
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day,
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy and peace.

HYMN 146.

(L. M.)

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 And long in vain thy grace receiv'd;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:
- 3 Yet Oh! the mourning sinner spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 This only wo I deprecate;
 This only plague I pray remove;
 Leave me not in my lost estate,
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 5 My weary soul, O God, release;
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand;

Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 147.

(C. M.)

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 148.

(S. M.)

Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?

- 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

HYMN 149.

(C. M.)

- 1 How shall we stand when Christ appears?
How come before the Lord?
At that dread hour will pray'rs or tears
Avert the flaming sword?
- 2 Shall sinners plead the costly blood
Of lambs or bullocks spilt?
Shall they allege their hearts are good,
And think to hide their guilt?

- 3 Ah no! the Lamb of God alone,
 The Lamb which God hath sent,
 Can for our num'rous sins atone,
 And his just wrath prevent.
- 4 O Lamb of God, our sins forgive;
 On thee our hopes we place;
 Say to our troubled spirits live,
 And save us by thy grace.

HYMN 150,

(III. 1)

- 1 In the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be;
 Earth shall quake with inward fears,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep
 Tost with stranger tempests rise;
 Wilder storms the mountain sweep;
 Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Son of man appear.
- 4 But though from his awful face
 Heav'n and earth away shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race;
 Your redemption draweth nigh:

HYMN 151.

(C. M.)

- 1 Then let the seventh trumpet sound;
 The fiercest lightnings glare;
 The mountains melt, the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air:

- 2 The huge celestial bodies roll
 Amidst the general fire,
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
 And all in smoke expire.
- 3 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour; reigns,
 When nature is destroy'd,
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.
- 4 Sublime upon his azure throne,
 He speaks th' almighty word;
 His fiat is obey'd! 'tis done,
 And Paradise restor'd.
- 5 So be it! let this system end,
 These fading earth and skies;
 The new Jerusalem descend;
 The new creation rise.

HYMN 152.

- 1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet him.

- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 153.

(L. M.)

- 1 O Zion, when we think on thee,
We long for pinions like the dove;
And mourn to think that we should be
So distant from the land we love.
- 2 While here we walk on hostile ground,
'The few that we can call our friends
Are, like ourselves, with fetters bound;
And weariness our steps attends.
- 3 But yet, we hope to see the day
When Zion's children shall return;
When all our griefs shall pass away,
And we no more again shall mourn.
- 4 The thought that such a day shall come
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet:
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion, soon we all shall meet.

HYMN 154.

(C. M.)

- 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies.
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
 They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
 Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 155.

(C. M.)

- 1 When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come;
 Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
 Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 156.

(C. M.)

- 1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin forever free
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, thron'd in everlasting light,
 Th' exalted Saviour shines,

And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 157.

(C. M.)

- 1 When Simeon to the temple came,
What joy his bosom fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child.
- 2 "Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace," he cries;
"Mine eyes have thy salvation seen—
Content thy servant dies."
- 3 "This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
To break their slavish bands."
- 4 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms;
Nor shall I feel death's cold embrace
Encircled in thine arms.

HYMN 158.

(C. M.)

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

- Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's illumin'd eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 159.

(III. 1)

- 1 Who are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain
Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion ev'ry hour."

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God
 Seal'd with his eternal name:
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels their fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

HYMN 160.

(IV. 4)

- 1 Away with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come.
- 2 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
- 3 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When rais'd by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord.
- 4 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;

- No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there.
- 5 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold;
 As crystal her buildings are clear.
- 6 Immoveably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 7 No need of the sun in that day
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where the beauties of Jesus display
 A pure and a permanent light.
- 9 The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo! by reflection they shine;
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine.

HYMN 161.

(IV. 3)

- 1 By *Faith* we are come to our permanent home;
 By *Hope* we the rapture improve;
 By *Love* we still rise, and look down in the
 skies,
 For the heav'n of heav'ns is love.
- 2 What a rapturous song, when the glorified
 throng
 In the spirit of harmony join:
 Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and
 lyres;
 And the burden is—mercy divine.

- 3 Hallelujah they cry to the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM—
To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again—
HALLELUJAH TO GOD AND THE LAMB.

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

HYMN 162. (L. M.)

- 1 Thanks for thy house of prayer, O Lord;
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word;
For all the means which thou hast given
Of knowing thee and gaining heaven.
- 2 The Sabbath ended, now we seek
Thy blessing on us through the week;
Let all its days with thee begin,
That each may prove a rest from sin.

HYMN 163. (L. M.)

- 1 Almighty Father! bless the word,
Which through thy grace we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up and bear abundant fruit.
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all at length in heav'n appear.

HYMN 164. (S. M.)

- 1 Once more before we part
Great God attend our pray'r,

And seal thy gospel on the heart
Of all thy servants here.

- 2 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
Yet may we reach that blissful shore,
Where all thy saints are bound.

HYMN 165.

(III. 2)

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 166.

(IV. 4)

- 1 This God is the God we adore;
A faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 167.

(III. 3)

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

PART IV.

HYMNS SUITED TO FAMILY AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

HYMN 168.

(III. 1)

Morning.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to day,
Help us labour, help us pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
Oh receive us then at last;
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

HYMN 169.

(III. 1)

Evening.

- 1 Interval of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head;
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes
Tir'd with glaring vanities.
- 2 My Great Master still allows
Needful seasons of repose:
By my heav'nly Father blest,
Thus I give my pow'rs to rest.
- 3 Heav'nly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same:
His kind eye that cannot sleep
My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 4 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 5 With thy gracious presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest:
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure—for still with thee.

HYMN 170.

(C. M.)

Morning.

- 1 To thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh
So oft vouchsaf'd before;

- Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past,
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 171.

(S. M.)

Evening.

- 1 The day is past and gone;
The ev'ning shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise
To view the unwearied sun,

May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

HYMN 172.

(O. M.)

Morning.

- 1 Lord of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 O let the same Almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 173.

(IV. 4.)

Evening.

- 1 Inspirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

- 3 A Sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest if my Saviour is nigh;
And songs, his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply.
- 5 His smiles and his comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And wells of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 174.

(C. M.)

Morning.

- 1 The rising morn cannot ensure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To call our lives away.
- 2 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law:
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

HYMN 175.

(C. M.)

Evening.

- 1 To us a goodly heritage
Our gracious God assigns,
And in a safe and pleasant place
Marks out our happy lines.
- 2 Come let us to his holy name
A grateful altar raise,

And be this habitation styl'd,
The house of pray'r and praise.

HYMN 176.

(III. 2)

Saturday Evening.

- 1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching holy day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting peace.
- 3 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 177.

(III. 1)

Sunday morning.

- 1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil, I meet
Christ upon the mercy seat.
- 2 Thou through him art reconcil'd;
I, through him became thy child;

Abba, Father, give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

- 3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
'That my joyful soul may bless
Christ the Lord, my righteousness.
- 4 While the pray'rs of saints ascend,
God of love to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
'Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 7 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at ev'ning let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to day."

HYMN 178.

(L. M.)

Sunday morning.

- 1 My op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day,
And all my thoughts ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;

Eternal King erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch of my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought through all the day.

4 Then while I to thy courts repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing;
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 179.

(L. M.)

Sunday evening.

1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there and still would go;
Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all that earth or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 180.

(L. M.)

- 1 Jesus where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy wonted mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The blessings of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To help our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

HYMN 181.

(H. 3.)

- 1 When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few;
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
 Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while:
 Thou Saviour seest the tears I shed,
 For thou did'st weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 5 And oh! when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still, unchanging watch beside
 My painful bed—for thou hast died:
 Then point to realms of endless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 182.

(L. M.)

- 1 Throughout the ever varying scene
 Of life's mistaken ill or good;
 Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
 The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To each their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r;
 Fix we on this terrestrial ball—
 When most secure, the coming hour,
 If thou see fit, may blast them all.

- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Drinking affliction's bitter cup;
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy soothing hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer;
Thy smiles suppress the deep fetch'd sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things on earth and all in heav'n
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for real good were giv'n,
And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 Be this my care; to all beside
Indiff'rent let my wishes be:
Passion be calm, abas'd be pride,
And fix'd my soul, great God, on thee.

HYMN 183.

(S. M.)

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,

But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

- 5 This glorious hope renews
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

· HYMN 184.

(C. M.)

- 1 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand, which now withholds my joy,
Can yet restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me—
My Father and my God.

HYMN 185.

(C. M.)

In affliction.

- 1 Hear, gracious God, my humble moan;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?
- 2 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.
- 3 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.
- 4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 186.

(C. M.)

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 Sov'reign of Life, I own thy hand
In ev'ry chast'ning stroke,
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee, in my distress, I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That with the pious throng

I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gracious hand
Renews our failing breath!
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death!

HYMN 187.

(O. M.)

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave
And nature sunk in pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell,
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy saving grace to tell.
- 4 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my eternal home.
- 5 Where thou determin'st mine abode
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heav'n to me.

HYMN 188.

(C. M.)

Quietness under affliction.

- 1 Peace! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;

Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move,
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He wreaths for every brow;
And shall tumultuous passions rise
If he correct us now?
- 5 Silent we own Jehovah's name;
We kiss the scourging hand,
And yield our comforts and our lives
To thy supreme command.

HYMN 189.

(C. M.)

- 1 Unite, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
And gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Hārmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
 To grieve his love no more,
 But, charm'd by melody divine,
 To give its follies o'er.

HYMN 190.

(III. 1)

"Lovest thou me?"—John xxi, 16.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know;
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord or no?
 Am I his or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly sure can they be worse
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain?
 Pray'r a task and burden prove?
 Any duty give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 O how dark, and vain, and wild!
 Prone to unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?

PART II.

- 1 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall:
 Should I grieve for what I feel
 If I did not love at all?
- 2 Could I love his saints to meet?
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd?
 Find at times the promise sweet;
 If I did not love the Lord?

- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 4 Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 191.

(L. M.)

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near—bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 192.

(C. M.)

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of grace divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

HYMN 193.

(C. M.)

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admir'd its follies too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
 I bid them all depart;
 His name and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee:
 And, Oh, I trust that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me.

HYMN 194.

(C. M.)

Lamenting past formality.

- 1 Long did I seem to serve the Lord
 With unavailing pain;
 Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
 And heard it preach'd—in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
 And near thy altar drew;
 A form of godliness was mine—
 The pow'r I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design;
 The length and breadth I never saw,
 And height of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see
 Vainly I hop'd and strove;
 For what are outward things to thee,
 Unless they spring from love.
- 5 I find thy perfect law requires
 Truth in the inward parts,
 Our full consent, our whole desires,
 Our undivided hearts.

- 6 Where am I now, or what my hope?
 What can my weakness do?
 Jesus, to thee my soul looks up—
 Thou, thou must make it new.

HYMN 195.

(III. 1)

- 1 People of the Living God,
 I have sought the world around;
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns—
 Turns a fugitive unblest:
 Brethren, where your altar burns
 O receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home;
 Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the Lord whom you adore;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my heart no more;
 Every idol I resign.
- 5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or pow'r;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
- 6 "Follow me."—I know thy voice;
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice;
 Light thy burden now to me.

HYMN 196.

(L. M.)

- 1 While on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scene on either hand,

- My spirit struggles with the clay,
Anxious to wing its flight away.
- 3 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And longs her gracious Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come
And bear the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys; and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet;
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face
Through the full beamings of his grace.
- 5 As with a cherub's voice to sing;
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n in all we do.

HYMN 197.

(IV. 4.)

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and pow'r;

- 3 Dissolve thou the bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glory I shine;
And no longer I pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

THE GLORIA PATRI.

ADAPTED TO THE DIFFERENT METRES USED IN THIS
WORK.

*** The peculiar metres have not been designated by the usual marks, but have been classified and numbered accordingly. The Roman numbers refer to the class, and the figures to the particular kind of that class.*

The first class comprises the long, common, and short metres, which are designated by the usual marks, L. M., C. M., S. M.

II Class contains those in which a verse includes six lines composed of Iambic feet, and comprises three different kinds.

III Class includes those metres in which the lines begin on accented syllables, as "Children of the Heavenly King." &c.—four kinds.

IV Class is those in which the lines are made up triplets, as "O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice!—four kinds.

V Class is irregular, and contains the metres which cannot be included under any of the former.

When any of the foregoing metres are doubled, it is easily seen, and only requires a repetition of the tune.

The following Doxologies serve as examples.

CLASS I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, -
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

S. M.

Give God, the Father, praise,
 Glory to God, the Son;
 To God, the Spirit of all grace,
 Be equal honour done.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

 CLASS II.

1

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
 And all his saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

2

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
 And saints on earth adore,

Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last
 When time shall be no more.

3

Eternal Father, gracious Son,
 Immortal Spirit, three in one;
 Thou triune God, thy name we praise
 In highest strains that earth can raise;
 As ages past ador'd thy name,
 So endless years shall sing thy fame.

CLASS III.

1

Praise the name of God most high!
 Praise him all below the sky!
 Praise him all ye heav'nly host!
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son.
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne.

3

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To the three in Godhead one!

Z

4

Thee, Jehovah, thee we praise,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, Source of grace,
 One in three, in Godhead one.
 As through endless ages past,
 Evermore thy praise shall last.

CLASS IV.

1

By angels in heav'n
 Of ev'ry degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd
 To God in three persons,
 One God ever blest,
 As it has been, and now is,
 And ever shall be.

2

Jehovah, we praise thee, the Father and Son,
 And Spirit eternal, in Godhead but one;
 So angels before thee of old did adore,
 We'll shout to thy glory when time is no more.

3

Now give to the Father eternal his praise,
 All honour ascribe to the Son;
 And worship forever the Spirit of Grace,
 Three persons in Godhead but one.

4

Now give to the Father his praise,
 All honour ascribe to the Son;

And worship the Spirit of Grace, -
Three persons in Godhead but one.

CLASS V.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal three in one,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

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